

# PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE  
STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

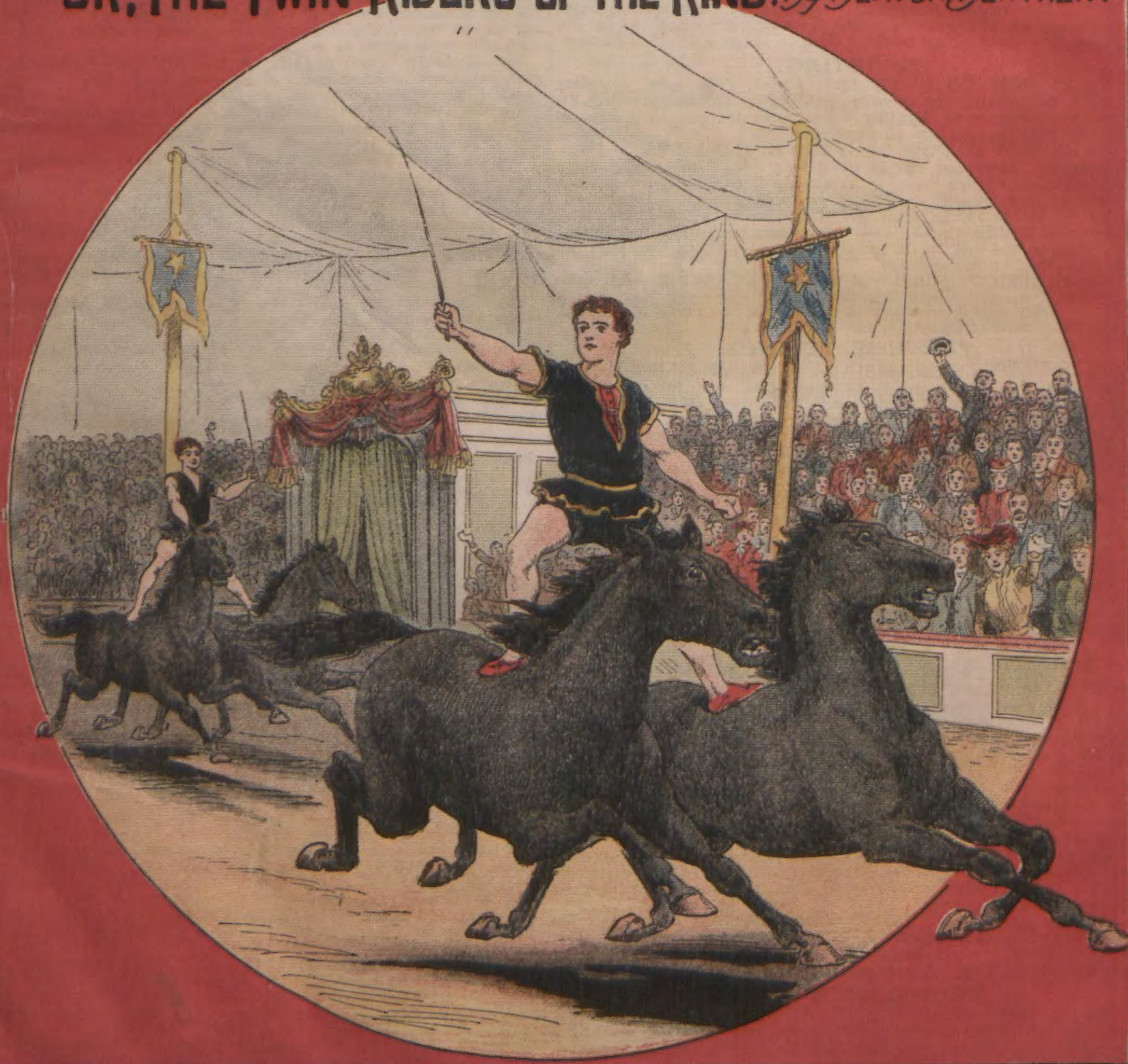
Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, November 7, 1898, by Frank Tousey.

No. 311.

NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1904.

Price 5 Cents.

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT WITH A CIRCUS; OR, THE TWIN RIDERS OF THE RING. *By BERTON BERTREW.*



Now Burt's horses began to lead. First ever so little, then more and more until they ran at least a full half length ahead. Suddenly a deafening crash of thunder broke, and a blast struck the frail inclosure.



# These Books Tell You Everything!

## A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

### MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

### PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

### HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

### SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes in the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. C. Stansfield Hicks.

### FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

### ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can come strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

### TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

### MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and a boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also explaining the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Shows many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

### MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book in the series.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient and modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

### LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects, also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects, also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject, also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.



# PLUCK AND LUCK.

Complete Stories of Adventure.

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, November 7, 1898. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1904, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.*

No. 311.

NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1904.

Price 5 Cents.

## Across The Continent With a Circus;

OR,

## The Twin Riders of the Ring.

By Berton Bertrew.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A ROMAN HELMET.

Hoop-la! Hoop-la! Thinks he's a mighty slick rider! It's only the third hoop! Bet ten dollars he misses the next! Hoop-la! What did I tell you? Could ride better than that myself!"

Thus shrieked Happy Joe, the clown attached to Montmorency's Grand Consolidated Circus and Menagerie, as he went pacing about after the coal black horses, upon which rode young men in flesh tights and spangles, vying each other the number of paper covered hoops through which they could jump as the circuit of the ring was made.

Crack! Crack!

The sound of the ringmaster's whip echoed back from the canvas walls of the tent, seeming to curl about the legs of Happy Joe, the great Australian Clown, as the flaring show-bills had him styled, sending him with grinning face, bobbing head and fingers in contemptuous contact with his nose reeling against the rope.

"I'll show him how I can ride! I'll show him, ladies and gents!" he shrieked, springing upon the back of a mule with his head toward the tail of the brute. "G'lang, January! Hoop-la! G'lang! What d'yer soy ter that!"

It was "Hoop-la!" in very fact!

Whether part of the show or the result of accident, the mule raised her hind-quarters abruptly, sending Happy Joe flying over her head, just as Burt Leroy, one of the twin riders, whose wonderful bareback exploits had rendered Montmorency's circus so famous throughout the United States, was making his last hoop.

Burt took the hoop splendidly, but the clown's mule business caused the horse to shy, and as a consequence the youthful acrobat found himself plumped upon the sawdust with terrific force.

Women screamed, men shouted, boys tried to leap the rope, and would have forced their way into the ring had not the sharp cracking of the master's whip driven them back.

Instantly Rob Leroy checked the speed of his horse,

bounded to the earth and sprang toward his brother, not reaching him, however, before the lithe figure of the fallen rider had reassumed the upright—unharmcd.

Hand in hand the twin brothers stood bowing gracefully, while the tent rang with deafening cheers.

It was the last act of Mr. Montague Montmorency's Grand Consolidated Circus and Menagerie, and the audience, which had gathered beneath the great tent spread upon the vacant lot at the corner of Eleventh avenue and Seventy-sixth street, in the city of New York, began pouring out.

Lights were being extinguished, horses led to quarters—even Happy Joe, the clown, known in every-day life as Pat Riley—had taken his departure from the ring.

"Confound you for a clumsy idiot! What the mischief did you mean by making a miss of it that time?" roared Winchell Hill, the ringmaster, approaching Burt Leroy with darkened countenance the moment the "greenroom" behind the canvas was reached.

"I'll larn ye! You ain't fit to ride muleback! Take that, an' see if it'll teach you to look where you drop next time!"

And the irate ringmaster, who was a tremendous tyrant, aimed a brutal blow at young Burt Leroy, which would to a certainty have knocked him senseless had not Rob, his brother, with well-directed aim, taken the bully squarely in the nose, sending him sprawling on his back.

"Don't you dare to strike my brother! It wasn't his fault."

The ringmaster, rubbing his damaged proboscis, was on his feet in an instant, and, as a matter of course, in a towering rage.

"I—I'll kill you, Rob Leroy!"

"Pooh! I ain't afraid. You'll never have a better chance. Suppose you undertake the job now?"

But Winchell Hill, like all petty tyrants, an arrant coward, showed no disposition to undertake the job.

Instead, he broke out with a perfect torrent of foul abuse, which was only checked by the sudden appearance among them of Mr. Montmorency himself.

"Here, here, what's all this row about?" he exclaimed. "I won't have any such goings on as this in my circus. Mr. Hill,



you need to exercise more control over yourself. Young gentlemen, you may come with me."

"There goes Jimmy Spratt and his pets," sneered the clown, as the circus manager and the twin riders disappeared behind a piece of flapping canvas which divided the private apartments of the former from the greenroom. "I wouldn't stand it if I were you, Mr. Hill, being stuck one side for them two upstarts. Upon my soul, it's a shame!"

The ringmaster rubbed his injured nose, and for an instant stared at the clown in silence.

"Pat," he whispered presently, "I don't propose to stand it. Mark my words, them two boys will have cause to remember this—you'll see."

Meanwhile quite a different scene was being enacted in the private apartment of Mr. Montague Montmorency, whose real name, as the reader may have drawn from the impertinent speech of the clown, was plain James Spratt.

In the narrow space beneath the tent into which he had ushered the boys, seated in the only comfortable chair, was a flashily-dressed man, unmistakably a Hebrew, smoking a rank cigar, and gazing about at the confused mass of spangled costumes, helmets, wooden battle-axes, paper shields, and other circus paraphernalia, looking for all the world as though he thought he owned the earth.

"That's Moses Eisenstein, the party I was telling you about last night," whispered Mr. Spratt, drawing the boys to one side. "For the last three years he has held a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage on my circus. Boys, I have been practically his slave and you have no idea what a galling thing it is. Thank goodness I have got the money to wipe out the debt at last and I want you to act as witnesses for me."

Of course Burt and Rob Leroy signified their willingness.

In fact, Mr. Spratt had called them into his room, explained the situation and requested this small favor of them the night before.

There was a tremendous racket going on all about them as keeping close behind the manager Burt and Rob now approached the expectant Jew.

Wheels could be heard rumbling, and men shouting as the heavy vans containing the wild beasts connected with the circus were being pushed about outside, for the stay of the "Grand Consolidated" in the city had come to an end, and already preparations for a move had begun.

"Vell, mein freund, haf you got de monish to square my leedle account?"

"I am happy to say I have, Mr. Eisenstein. You have brought the papers necessary to cancel the mortgage, I suppose?"

"Certain. I haf de satisfaction piece here," replied the Jew, pulling some legal-appearing documents from his pocket. "First de monish, den de papers, huh? Very goot, mein freund, very goot."

"Oh, I've got the money ready, don't you fear," replied the manager, cheerfully. "I put it in this old Roman helmet in my trunk here—funny strongbox, ain't it? These two young gentlemen will act as witnesses to the transaction, and then we're square."

Mr. Spratt had kneeled beside a large black trunk while speaking, and, raising the lid, now drew out a paper imitation of an ancient Roman helmet with the visor down.

Evidently this was the money-box referred to.

It formed by no means a bad receptacle for cash, though one somewhat insecure.

The Jew, with his cigar between his teeth, was in the act of spreading the papers out upon a table, when Winchell Hill came bustling in.

"Look here, Mr. Spratt, we've got to get a new bottom put onto the tiger's cage before we start. I've just discovered that it's badly loosened and may drop off any time."

"I can't attend to you now, Hill, I'm busy."

"But this is a thing which can't be put off. I've had the cage wheeled around just outside the door here, and I want you to come and look at it."

"Some other time, some other time," replied the manager, sharply. "Don't you see I'm in the midst of some business with this gentleman. I wish you would have the goodness to step outside and not bother me now."

"You've always got time to attend to everyone but me," growled the ringmaster, who was also general superintendent of the circus under the manager himself. "I tell you, Mr. Spratt, the cage is in a highly dangerous condition and—heavens and earth! What did I tell you! You wouldn't listen and this is the result."

The speech of the ringmaster had been interrupted.

Even as these last angry words were uttered a fierce roar had broken through the circus tent.

"The tiger's loose—the tiger's loose!" shrieked a dozen voices from behind the flapping canvas.

With a wild cry of terror the Hebrew money-lender sprang upon the table, having first seized upon one of the "property" spears for a defensive weapon, which he brandished furiously as the manager and the ringmaster, with countenances as pale as death, hurried toward the door.

They did not reach it.

Three steps in advance had not been taken when there burst upon the ears of all present a second roar, which seemed to shake the very ground beneath them, and a giant Bengal tiger, with open jaws, showing its horrid fangs, dashed into their midst.

Passing Mr. Spratt as though never seeing him, the huge brute precipitated itself upon the trembling ringmaster, throwing him backward to the earth with tremendous force.

## CHAPTER II.

### MR. EISENSTEIN WALKS OUT.

"God help us! The man is doomed!" roared Mr. Spratt, dropping the Roman helmet in his excitement. "Where's Hughes (the beast tamer connected with the show)? I'll break his neck for this!"

"Don't led him get at me! Don't led him get at me! Fader Abraham! he'll eat me alive!" shrieked the Jew, brandishing his spear from his retreat upon the top of the table more furiously than ever. "You can keep dose monish, mein goot freund Spratt. Keep dem all! Yes, keep dem all, only take dot plame peast away!"

As the manager started to run out into the tent in search of the beast tamer, the employes of the circus crowded in by the score.

There was a scene of the wildest confusion and all in one moment of time.

Shouts, yells, loud-spoken orders, and, above all, the roar of the infuriated beast.

Amid all this chaos Burt Leroy seemed to be the only one to keep his head.

Unless, indeed, it was his brother Rob, who, having stood nearer the door a little to one side, had become entangled in the frightened crowd of men and boys, powerless to act.

When the ringmaster had entered he had still carried his long whip in his hand, which he had suffered to fall upon the ground at the tiger's spring.

"Save me! My God, will no one save me!"

Thus from the blanched lips of the prostrate man the appeal for help went up.

It touched one brave heart if it touched no other.



Forgetting the cowardly attack made upon himself by this very man but a short while before, Burt Leroy seized the whip and sprang forward toward the tiger, who seemingly hesitated, now that his prey was actually within his grasp, pressing one huge paw upon his upturned breast, and giving vent to the most deafening roars.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Three times in quick succession the lash of the whip descended, coiling itself around the striped back of the enraged feline.

It was enough.

With a louder roar than had yet been heard, the animal, releasing Winchell Hill, flung himself about, facing its new antagonist, lashing the earth furiously with its tail, and crouching for a spring.

Burt Leroy never winced.

With his eye fixed firmly upon that of the tiger, his manly young form displayed to its highest advantage in his suit of flesh tights, he held the whip aloft menacingly above the brute which he sought to control.

Would the power of this untrained eye prove successful?

It was to be doubted.

What the end might have been none could have foretold, had not Hughes, the beast tamer, at that instant dashed upon the scene.

"Clear the doorway!" he shouted.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!" went his whip, while the beast, recognizing his master, groveled at his feet like some huge tame cat.

Now, in less time than it takes to tell it all, this little interruption to the business of the manager of the Grand Consolidated with Mr. Moses Eisenstein was brought to an end.

The doorway was cleared instantaneously, and the tiger forced into a spare cage brought by willing hands.

"Burt, you are a brick—a veritable brick!" whispered Rob Leroy, admiringly, as he sprang to his brother's side.

"Pshaw! It was nothing, Rob. The old brute is on its last legs, its teeth are just ready to drop out. There's noise enough about him, but no fight."

"All the same I've no desire to have him tackle me, and I don't think Winchell Hill has, either. My! but didn't he turn the slick back spring the instant the tiger's paws were off of him! Never even thanked you, Burt, for saving his life at the risk of your own."

"I don't want his thanks," replied Burt Leroy, proudly. "Winchell Hill is a mean, contemptible fellow. If it wasn't for Mr. Spratt I wouldn't stay with the 'Grand Consolidated' twenty-four hours. You and I could get plenty of engagements, Rob, and—but hush! Here comes Hill now."

Was the surly ringmaster about to thank him?

Burt Leroy thought so, but he soon found out his error.

"You want to get them tights off and be ready to help with the packing, and blame quick, too," he said, grumpily, as he passed the twins.

"We are here on Mr. Spratt's business," flashed Rob; "when he is through with us you'll find us on hand."

"That don't make no difference, I want—"

"Thank heaven you are safe and sound, Hill!" exclaimed Manager Montmorency (otherwise Spratt), bustling in at that moment. "The brute is safely caged now, and I've given Hughes a tremendous blowing up for permitting the van to get into such a condition. You ain't hurt, I hope?"

"No—no, thanks to you."

"I owe you an apology, Hill, and as soon as I am through with this gentleman I will make it. Where is that helmet? It was thundering careless in me not to have looked out for it, tiger or no tiger. Ah, there it is under the table. Now, Eisenstein, let's settle this thing quick."

While talking the busy little manager had been bustling

about, and he now stooped to pick up the Roman helmet which had been dropped at the first appearance of the tiger, falling neglected beneath the table upon which the Jew had sought refuge.

Meanwhile Winchell Hill strode from the apartment with a highly theatrical air of injured dignity.

It seemed to Burt Leroy that slight glances of recognition were exchanged between Mr. Eisenstein and the ringmaster as he passed.

"Get your documents ready, Eisenstein!" exclaimed Mr. Spratt, straightening up, helmet in hand. "Here's your money, and—Lord bless me! What does this mean? The money is gone!"

"Gone! gone!" cried Eisenstein, starting back from the table.

"Gone! gone!" echoed Burt and Rob Leroy, springing to the manager's side.

"Gone! Stolen!" breathed Mr. Spratt, in husky tones, staring at the empty interior of the helmet. "Burt—Rob! I am a ruined man!"

"Perhaps it has fallen out," suggested Rob, dropping to his knees and crawling under the table.

But the money was not under the table.

What was more, in spite of the most rigid search of Mr. Spratt, it could not be found at all.

What had become of it?

Pale and perspiring the manager stood before his creditor, whose countenance had grown dark as the unavailing search proceeded.

He had not tendered his assistance, nor except for his first exclamation uttered a word.

"Eisenstein, I am all at sea," said Mr. Spratt, feebly, at the same time wiping his perspiring brow. "You'll have to wait until to-morrow—I must find that money and—"

"Vait! I shall not vait!" snapped the money-lender, seizing his papers and stuffing them into his pocket. "Dis is fraud—dis is trickery. I don't beleef you ever haf dot monish. You fool me—you set your plame peasts on on me; I'll haf de law on you eef you pay not my monish now—you see."

"You are crazy, Eisenstein. These boys will bear witness that I speak the truth. I counted the money in their presence only last night."

"Huh! You tink I peleef your circus trash? You take me for von fool? I haf de sheriff on you by morning, an' don't you forget it. Mebbe dese poys steals de monish—vat's dot to me?"

"Get out of this tent, you hook-nosed scoundrel!" roared the manager, now thoroughly enraged.

"I von't get owid! I vant my monish—I vant—"

But the irate remarks of Mr. Eisenstein were foredoomed to a sudden termination.

At a sign from Mr. Spratt, Burt and Rob Leroy suddenly seized him, and, despite of his struggles, hustled him unceremoniously out of the tent.

"I'll get square mit you!" he roared, shaking his fist at Mr. Spratt, who had followed after. "You can't scheat me—I'll led you know dot. I own dis circus now!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE FALL OF THE TENT.

"Hoop-la!" shrieked the clown. "Hoop-la—hoop-la;" and Mlle. Zitella, the dashing equestrienne of Montmorency's Grand Consolidated Circus and Menagerie, having made the



last hoop of the circuit, sprang lightly from her horse, bowing to the audience again and again amid a furious storm of applause.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" shouted the ringmaster, "you will now have the opportunity of witnessing the celebrated Petry brothers in their wonderful acrobatic feats!"

And as the five acrobats, in flesh tights and spangles, bounded into the ring, began their performance, the ringmaster retreated behind the canvas partition, flung aside his outer garments, and prepared to don tights for himself.

"Horses ready, Rob?" he exclaimed to a youth clothed in the regulation circus riders' suit, who sprang to lend his assistance.

"All ready, Burt."

"Then we haven't a moment to lose. Help me on with these tights like a good fellow. Playing ringmaster and doing the bareback act at the same time requires sharp work, and no mistake."

How is this?

Is Winchell Hill no longer ringmaster of the Grand Consolidated?

Such is the fact.

The circus was now in Buffalo, exhibiting on a lot a little to the north of the tracks of the New York Central railroad.

Since the night of the events of the last chapter, Winchell Hill had not been seen by the company he had ruled with a rod of iron, and Burt Leroy, one of the twin riders of the ring, had been promoted to the dignity of ringmaster and general superintendent in his stead.

The "Grand Consolidated" did not wait for the arrival of the sheriff.

What might have been the action of Moses Eisenstein next morning can only be imagined, for when morning dawned all the vast paraphernalia of the circus found itself stowed upon special cars and was moving west over the Central road.

Nor was this other than as had been intended.

It was the last night of the exhibition in New York City, and at the time of the happenings upon which we have dwelt, preparations for removal were already well advanced.

What had become of the ringmaster was a mystery.

He had walked unceremoniously out of the tent after his encounter with the tiger, and at the time of the starting of the train, for some unexplained reason, had not shown up.

Mr. Spratt was furious.

The loss of his ten thousand dollars from the Roman helmet had not served to improve his temper.

Instead of finding himself in a position to look into his tangled affairs and institute as thorough a search for the missing money as he would have liked, the manager was obliged to take off his coat and go to work, under penalty of disappointing the good people of Buffalo, at which city the circus had been billed for appearance next night.

"Hill is discharged from this moment," he had said to the twins. "Burt, you shall be ringmaster if you can fill the position, and I'm sure you can. While you and Rob are riding I'll lend you a hand myself. That cranky vagabond shall never work for me again."

Thus it came about.

But in spite of his rush Mr. Spratt did find time to look again for the money. Every foot of ground within his private apartment in the great tent was gone over, but without avail.

The trunk was searched, Burt and Rob Leroy helped him pull over the great mass of properties, still the money was not to be found.

"Are you sure it was in the helmet when you took it out of the trunk?" Burt had asked.

Mr. Spratt was not sure. It had been there the night before when taking his twin favorites into his confidence he

had counted it in their presence; further than that he could not tell.

"Maybe the Jew took it himself while they were getting the tiger into the cage," Rob had suggested.

And indeed it had already struck Mr. Spratt that way.

"I must get out of the state as quick as possible, boys," he said. "If I don't old Eisenstein will serve an attachment of some kind or other on me as sure as fate. We are billed at Rochester, but I shall break the engagement and move directly on to Detroit. By the time we get through with our trip across the continent, if I have luck, I may be in a position to square accounts with Eisenstein. You can bet your life I'll take precious good care never to get into his clutches again."

So Burt Leroy became ringmaster.

He entered upon his new duties with a will.

Once on the lot in Buffalo he threw himself heart and soul into the erection of the tent, while Mr. Spratt looked after the arrangement of other details, and when the job was completed, Burt felt that it was as well done as though ordered by Winchell Hill himself.

This was fortunate.

By half-past nine a furious thunderstorm burst over the city of Buffalo, which tried the strength of the tent fastenings to their utmost.

The wind blew a hurricane, the rain poured in torrents.

Some of the more timid of the audience beat a retreat into the storm, but the majority, unwilling to lose the great bareback race act on four horses, to be performed by those prime favorites, the twin riders of the ring, laughed at their pusillanimous neighbors and remained.

"Heavens! Did you hear that crash?" exclaimed Burt Leroy, as with his brother's assistance he pulled the spangled shirt over his head. "That's the worst one yet. How the tent rocks! I tell you what it is, Rob, if the old shebang stands up against this storm I need never fear to boss a tent-raising again."

"Of course you needn't, Burt," replied his brother, loyally. "I'll back you against old Hill any time."

"What do you suppose became of him, Rob?"

"Blest if I can imagine. Got off on a spree most likely. Wouldn't be surprised a mite to have him show up before we left town."

"I'd be mightily disgusted then, let me tell you," replied Burt, who was chalking his shoes. "I'm ringmaster now, and I intend to hold my position."

"On in front, Leroy!" shouted the callboy, thrusting his head into the dressing-room.

The looked-for signal had come.

Out in the tent the audience were in a fever of expectation.

The acrobats had already retired, and Happy Joe, the clown, though doing his best with decrepit witticisms and aged jokes, could not prevent impatient calls for the "twin riders of the ring."

"Hurry up, for goodness sake!" whispered Mr. Spratt, appearing inside the curtain as Burt was in the act of mounting.

"Ready now!" cried Burt.

The word to start was given, and side by side four black horses, guided by Burt and Rob, standing erect in their glittering tights, with a foot firmly planted on each, dashed into the ring.

At their entrance the audience rose in their seats almost to a man, greeting the favorites with deafening cheers.

Around and around they flew, faster and faster, the horses keeping well abreast, those of Rob Leroy being, if anything, a little ahead.

It was an exciting scene.



Viewed by the glare of the flickering lamps the lithe forms of the twin brothers were displayed to their fullest advantage.

Burt, as he urged his horses on by pressure of the foot and words understood by the well-trained beasts, looked a veritable young Apollo; nor in graceful horsemanship or personal beauty was Rob one whit behind.

Now Burt's horses began to lead.

First ever so little, then more and more until they ran at least a full half length ahead.

Suddenly a deafening crash of thunder broke, and a blast struck the frail inclosure, which brought the ladies in the audience screaming to their feet.

Almost at the same instant the great tent collapsed, burying audience, horses and riders in one struggling mass beneath its folds.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE WORK OF AN ENEMY.

"Help!" "Fire!" "Thieves!" "Keep your hands out of my pockets!" "The animals are loose!" "The tent is burning!" "Help! Help! Help!"

Such were the cries which proceeded from beneath the fallen tent inclosing Montague Montmorency's Grand Consolidated Circus and Menagerie, as the large audience attracted by the fame of the twin riders, and which had braved the storm to witness their performances in the ring, struggled to make their escape.

It was a scene of wild excitement and one destined to dwell in the memories of those who shared in it for many a day to come.

There lay the great circus tent, covering innumerable moving figures, the canvas rising here and sinking there, with the struggles of those beneath it, like a troubled sea in a heavy gale.

Men shouted, women shrieked, children rent the air with their piercing cries.

And with it all the rain came down in torrents, the lightning glared, the thunder crashed and rolled.

At one end of the canvas the more fortunate of the audience could be seen already crawling into the open, while others who had made their escape were assisting those less fortunate to do the same.

This was the part of the tent which had sheltered the audience.

The tier of seats had succumbed to the shock, and from the cries and groans which could be heard on every side, it was painfully apparent that many persons were injured, some, perhaps, killed.

At the other end of the tent the scene was none the less animated.

The circus "supes"—and there were more than a hundred of them—were already out from under the canvas.

Some, without waiting for orders, were dragging out the wheeled vans bearing the cages of the wild beasts, while others, rushing around toward the entrance, were assisting the audience to escape.

"Get the spare center-pole!" roared Mr. Spratt, crawling on his hands and knees over the sawdust of the ring in the direction of the "greenroom." "Lively, boys! Lively! Run her up lively or someone will be killed. Burt, are you alive or dead?"

"I'm all right, Mr. Spratt."

The manager, who was still down among the sawdust, found himself face to face with his new ringmaster, Burt Leroy.

"This is all your fault, or rather, my fault," he exclaimed

bitterly. "Nothing but ill luck follows me. If half the audience ain't killed I shall be lucky. I had never ought to let you put up this tent alone, Burt Leroy!"

"It ain't any fault of mine that brought it down, Mr. Spratt."

"Not your fault, but your ignorance, boy. Where's Rob? For goodness sake don't tell me that either of you are hurt, for you are the best drawing-cards I've got. How should you know the way to secure the tent, seeing that you never did it before."

"Rob's all right and so am I, Mr. Spratt. He's gone to the assistance of the ladies. I had just got the horses outside with the help of Riley, the clown, when I heard your voice calling. Good creatures! They stood as still as mice! But you mustn't blame me for this. I tell you the tent was as secure as though the raising had been superintended by Winchell Hill himself."

"Oh! I dare say!" answered the manager, in a way which showed that he believed just the contrary. "Here come the boys with the spare center-pole. We must raise her up somehow. Now then, lively, lively!"

"Hold on, Mr. Spratt! you can't raise her!" shouted Burt. "Half the ground pegs are out. You are only wasting time!"

"I say we can, and we must."

"While you are fooling someone will be killed."

"Say, boss, Mr. Leroy is right," interposed one of the tent-men. "You can never get her up in the world."

"Then get her down and out of the way entirely," yelled Mr. Spratt, who was running about like a crazy man. "This thing has ruined my Buffalo business. Confound the luck! I see plain enough this is going to be the worst trip I ever made."

It was evident enough that Mr. Spratt had lost his head entirely, and Burt saw that if anything was to be accomplished he must do it himself.

He accordingly put himself at the head of affairs, and before ten minutes had elapsed matters were straightened out as well as circumstances would permit.

Fortunately for all concerned, the drenching rain had prevented the danger of fire.

Probably this saved many lives.

When the great canvas was removed at last it was discovered that no one was seriously hurt, or if any had been they, at least, had not remained to tell the tale.

The fallen benches were cleared away, and such of the audience as had been pinned beneath them left free to regain their feet.

The animals were all run beneath the stable tent, which, fortunately, had remained intact.

The costumes and properties used in the street procession were covered with canvas to keep them from the wet.

"No more show to-night, gents!" shouted Manager Montmorency to the crowd that hovered around.

The crowd dispersed slowly and grumblingly, thinking themselves exceedingly ill-treated, no doubt.

"Have you seen anything of my brother?" Burt demanded of Mr. Spratt, when he found himself with time to breathe.

"Not a thing. I thought you said he went out to help the audience?"

"So he did, and I haven't seen him since."

"It's very strange. I hope nothing can have happened to him. Burt, I'm feeling just sick over all this. I can't stand up against it any longer. Our Buffalo business is ruined, and I think under the circumstances I shall move at daylight to-morrow morning. There won't be a baker's dozen in the house to-morrow night, everyone will be afraid."

"Oh! I don't think so. It will only advertise us the more. The tent ain't hurt a bit, except the main pole which, as might



be expected, is broken. Take my advice, Mr. Spratt, and let me put her up again."

"But I ain't fit to do it myself, Burt."

"I can do it."

"Do you think so?"

"Are you afraid to trust me, Mr. Spratt?"

"Well, to tell the truth, after what has happened, I am."

"I tell you again, Mr. Spratt, it was not my fault. I took every precaution. I wish Rob were only here to bear me witness. If you don't believe me, ask anyone of the tentmen, they'll tell you it is just as I say."

"Tut, tut, Burt, don't get excited," interposed the manager, wearily. "I have every confidence in your good intentions, my boy, but you lack experience. The trouble was, you didn't secure your fastenings properly. The wind got under the canvas and the strain was too great for the center-pole and away she went."

"But I made sure of every fastening. I examined each one twice."

"You thought you did, but we won't discuss it. Perhaps, after all, it will be better to put the tent up again and stay over to-morrow. It might prejudice the public against us if we didn't keep our engagement as billed. You see, Burt, I'm just crazy to get outside the limits of the State of New York. There's no telling what Eisenstein's next move will be, and—Thunder and Mars! Who the demon has been at work here?"

While speaking Mr. Spratt had put his arm through Burt's and led him toward that part of the ring where lay the great center-pole of the tent.

There was a little group of the attaches of the Grand Consolidated clustered about the pole, talking excitedly.

This the manager had observed, hence his movement toward them.

Something had been discovered, and he naturally desired to know what that something was.

One glance served to tell the story.

The cause of the accident had revealed itself to Burt Leroy even as the exclamation of the manager was made.

The central tent pole had neither been uprooted by the force of the gale, nor had it—as until now had been the assumption—broken off short.

Someone had helped matters along by sawing the great pole more than halfway through.

Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the tent had fallen. The only wonder was that it remained upright in face of the storm as long as it did.

## CHAPTER V.

### A HOST OF STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

But where, all this time, was Rob Leroy?

There was a saying in the mouth of everyone connected with the Grand Consolidated that if you wanted to find one of the twins the quickest way was to look for the other.

They were invariably together.

If, moreover, one was found alone, it became a difficult problem to know what name to give him, since it was next to impossible to tell the young riders apart.

It was unlikely, then, that at such a time Rob Leroy would absent himself from the scene of action without some excellent reason.

Rob had an excellent reason.

At least he thought so.

The reason was intimately connected with the most sensitive portion of that young man's anatomy—the heart.

Never until the moment his eyes fell upon that beautiful, upturned, girlish face, upon those bright black eyes which looked so appealingly into his own, had Rob known what the word love meant.

Not that he fell an instant victim to the poison from Cupid's arrow.

If anyone had told him so he would have laughed.

Nevertheless, when he saw the girl lying there upon the sawdust, pinned down by a fragment of the fallen tier of benches, Rob leaped to the rescue with alacrity, clambering over the intervening obstructions in a manner which would have put Petry Brothers, the circus tumblers, to the blush.

The fact was, Rob Leroy had noted this beautiful face before.

The young lady had occupied a seat in company with a dudish-looking escort, well down toward the front, and on two occasions earlier in the programme, when Rob was doing his act, he had imagined that those eyes looked upon him with more than usual interest—but perhaps this was only imagination after all.

"Are you hurt, miss?"

Rob had torn aside the broken planks and was kneeling by the young lady's side.

"I—I don't think so. I am dreadfully frightened! Oh! where is Mr. May?"

She was very pale, and exclaimed wildly.

Whoever "Mr. May" might have been, he had evidently taken himself off, for the nearest of the crowd were some five feet away, each looking out for his or her own interests and paying no heed to the gentle sufferer at all.

Just then the eyes closed and the face assumed a deathly pallor.

Evidently the young lady had fainted.

Rob caught her in his arms and bore her through the ring beneath the fluttering canvas to the ladies' dressing-room, which, being in a separate tent, fortunately remained intact.

By the time he had gained this shelter, and even before good Mrs. Hanks, the ladies' "dresser," had opportunity to relieve him of his burden, those eyes had opened and looked into his own again.

"I am all right—at least I shall be in a moment," she murmured faintly, as Mrs. Hanks bent over the couch upon which Rob had laid her. "What a terrible thing! Is anyone seriously injured. I ought to be ashamed of myself for giving way so, when I'm not hurt at all."

Now, although Rob Leroy knew that duty demanded his presence elsewhere, he could not tear himself from the door of the ladies' dressing-room, until he had received the assurance of Mrs. Hanks that his fair charge was not injured in the least.

"She says her name is Ethel Tucker, and that she lives on Delaware avenue," whispered the "dresser," confidentially. "The galoot what brought her here seems to have skipped out and left her. Someone will have to get one of them hacks outside and take her home."

Someone!

Rob Leroy had no idea of allowing that someone to be any other person than himself.

Miss Tucker announced that she would be only too deeply grateful.

In a twinkling Rob had changed his clothes and brought the hack around to the door of the smaller tent.

Never had Rob Leroy spent a more delightful hour than the one passed by the side of Ethel Tucker in that hack.

"You must come in for a moment, Mr. Leroy," the young lady remarked sweetly, when the vehicle came to a stand at last before one of Delaware avenue's most magnificent residences. "My father will never forgive me if I allow you to



go without giving him an opportunity to thank you for perhaps saving my life."

"I—I think I had better not," stammered Rob. "You overestimate my services, Miss Tucker. Really, what I did was no more than what any gentleman would have done under the circumstances. There was no danger."

"I am not so sure of that. I was so wedged in under the seat that I could not help myself, and there is no knowing what might have happened if you had not come to the rescue as you did. Positively, Mr. Leroy, I shall not take no for answer—you must come."

What could Rob do?

Though rigidly maintaining the dignity of their respective positions, Rob Leroy and Miss Tucker had chatted freely during the ride.

From the young lady Rob learned that her father was one of the rich grain merchants of Buffalo, a fact which greatly interested him, since his own dead father had carried on the same business, dealing largely with Buffalo, as Rob could just recall, away back in his boyhood days.

Of course, Rob would have been overjoyed to prolong the interview indefinitely had it been possible; but it was quite a different thing, this presenting himself to be thanked by a stranger at a little before midnight.

Still Rob Leroy did not like to be impolite, and there was nothing for it but to take Miss Tucker at her word.

He was shown into an elegantly furnished parlor, where, after a moment, Mr. Tucker joined him.

Miss Ethel, much to Rob's disappointment, did not reappear.

The greeting of the grain merchant was frank and cordial.

In a few brief sentences he thanked Rob for the service rendered his daughter, and offered to pay any expense he might have incurred.

"There is nothing to pay, sir."

Rob flushed up to his temples.

What he had done had not been done with hope of reward.

Pronouncing a hasty good-night without giving Mr. Tucker a chance to respond, he moved toward the door.

"One moment, young man. You are not offended?"

"It's of no consequence, Mr. Tucker, but my services are not for sale."

"Whew! I see I've put my foot in it. Look here, young man, I'm a thousand times obliged to you. You are a plagued sight more of a gentleman than young May, who escorted Ethel to the circus and abandoned her at the moment of danger. If there is anything I can do for you I want you to let me know. Do you stay over another night in Buffalo? I'll engage a full house for your performance, if you do."

"I believe so—I cannot say," replied Rob, eager to be gone, now that it had become evident that he was to see no more of Miss Ethel. "I'm only one of the performers, and can't tell you what change in our plans this accident may bring about."

"You'll see me in the front row if you do," said Mr. Tucker, enthusiastically. "There's nothing I admire so much as fine horsemanship, and I am told the twin riders of Montmorency's circus can't be beat. By the bye, what's your name?"

"Rob Leroy, sir."

"No, no. I mean your real name—not the one you go by in the profession."

"But that's my real name, sir."

"Are you telling me the truth, young man?" exclaimed the grain merchant, with increased earnestness. "My most intimate friend was Burton Leroy, of Utica; was he anything to you?"

"Burton Leroy was my father, Mr. Tucker."

"Your father! You amaze me!"

"It's true just the same. My brother Burt and I were his only children. He died ten years ago."

"Yes, yes, I know. But how is it that Burton Leroy's sons

are circus performers? I never could have believed it—never in the world."

"It is an honorable profession, Mr. Tucker," responded Rob, both surprised and perplexed at the strange turn the conversation had taken.

"Yes, yes. I suppose so, but it ain't usually chosen by lads in your position in society. You had plenty of means, why then——"

"Plenty of means!" echoed Rob. "You are making a mistake, sir. It must be some other Burton Leroy beside my poor father whom you have in mind. He was killed in a railroad accident, and when his business was settled up it was found that there was just enough left to pay his debts. For a long time Burt and I were knocked about among our neighbors, until finally we drifted into circus riding, and——"

"And you have made a success of it, for which you have a perfect right to be proud," interrupted Mr. Tucker, with altered manner. "Look here, young man, there is something very strange in all you tell me. It needs looking into. To my positive knowledge your father was possessed of large means when he died. I shall examine into this. Where can I see you, in case I should want an interview in a few weeks? I don't want to raise your hopes, but——"

"But what, Mr. Tucker?"

"No matter. I haven't another word to say until I know what I am talking about. Your father was my friend. To-night's happenings may prove a most fortunate thing for you and your brother. You can give me your address."

"We shall be at Chicago on the 1st of July, sir."

"Good. Expect to hear from me. Meanwhile, don't raise your hopes too high, lest you meet with disappointment. Good-night."

"Good-night," answered Rob, much mystified.

In another instant Mr. Tucker's door had closed behind him, and Rob Leroy stood in the street.

To say that he was perplexed don't begin to express the state of the young man's feelings.

Rob was puzzled to the last degree.

At the time of their father's death—their mother had died during their infancy—the twins had found themselves without a relative to care for them, and so far as anyone knew, without a penny to their name.

To be sure, Mr. Leroy had always lived in good style and had been supposed to be very comfortably fixed.

About a year previous to his death he had closed out his grain business and embarked his entire fortune in some speculation in New York City.

Strangely enough, he had left no papers behind him disclosing the nature of his investments, and those who saw fit to interest themselves in the boys had never been able to find out what the speculation was.

When Burt and Rob reached the age of fourteen a letter had been received by the neighbor who at the time had them in charge—they had been kicked about from pillar to post ever since their father's death—coming from Mr. Spratt and offering to receive them as apprentices to the circus profession, the writer stating that he made the application at the suggestion of a friend.

To make a long story short, the boys went, and with Mr. Spratt they had been ever since.

Upon entering Mr. Tucker's house, Rob had dismissed the hack, since to retain it for the ride back would have made altogether too heavy a drain on his slender purse.

With his mind full of what had occurred, he now started on his long walk to the circus grounds, reaching the place at a little before one.

It caused Rob no surprise to find everyone connected with the vast establishment awake and moving about, since he



understood perfectly that the accident must be repaired that night.

The main entrance to the circus tent was on the side of the lot opposite to that from which Rob approached, and as the performers' entrance was around at one side, the young man decided to go in by way of the menagerie tent, which was nearest, and thence to the ring, where he had no doubt his brother would be found.

To his surprise he found the menagerie tent deserted.

Even Hughes, the keeper, whose business it was to be on hand at all times, was not to be seen.

"Whew! What would the old man say if he knew this!" muttered Rob, as he hurriedly crossed the open space.

The exclamation had scarce escaped him when, from behind the canvas separating the menagerie from the main tent, there came a sound which seemed to fairly freeze him to the earth.

It was the roar of the lion belonging to the menagerie.

Not that Rob was unfamiliar with the sound.

He had heard it a thousand times, but not as he heard it now.

Before him stood the lion's cage, empty and with the door open.

The roar came from the circus tent, and quickly following upon it came the shout in the voice of Mr. Spratt!

"Climb the pole, Burt! Climb the pole! You are a lost man if you don't!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LION LOOSE.

"Someone has sawed that center-pole!" roared Mr. Spratt. "If I can find the scoundrel who did it I'll break every bone in his carcass, by thunder I will!"

Someone had sawed the center-pole of the main tent of the Grand Consolidated—it could be seen with half an eye.

"Do you know anything about this, Riley?" demanded the irate manager of the clown, who formed one of the group. "Why don't you speak up, some of you? I'll discharge every man in the circus, and give up our summer's business entirely, but I'll know the truth!"

It was a foolish speech.

The more so since every man who heard it knew that Mr. Spratt meant precisely what he said.

To quote the clown, Manager Spratt was a "holy terror when he got his mad up."

It looked very much as though Mr. Spratt had got his mad up just at that particular time.

"It must have been done between midnight and morning," said Burt Leroy, who had stooped and was examining the pole.

"What time did you quit work on the tent?"

"Half-past eleven, sir."

"You are sure the pole was all right then?"

"I am positive. I superintended the putting up of it myself. You don't think I would leave it in a condition like this?"

"I know very well you wouldn't. This is the work of some jealous scoundrel who don't want you to be ringmaster, but it will avail nothing. I'll let him know that I'm boss of this circus. I'll make who pleases me ringmaster. Who watched in the main tent last night?"

"Pat Delaney."

"Where is he now?"

But oddly enough, no one could give any account of Pat Delaney.

He had been seen just before the accident. Now that he was wanted he could not be found.

Those who had gathered about the ruined pole assured Mr. Spratt of their entire innocence.

Riley, the clown, had but just discovered the cause of the accident as Burt and the manager came hurrying up.

"I want every one present to understand that, although Pat Delaney's may have been the hand which cut that pole, his was not the brain which conceived the scheme," said the manager, more calmly. "I'm sick and I'm in trouble, and you all know it, but make no mistake, I'll learn the truth yet. Now then, up with this tent. Fetch that spare pole. You tentmen, arrange the canvas! Get the lines ready. This tent goes up to stay until I am ready to have it come down, or I'll know the reason why."

In an instant all was hurry and bustle, yet not the slightest confusion occurred.

Every one had his own poles to raise, his own pegs to drive, his allotted portion of the canvas to attend to, and his seats to erect in a certain section of the tent.

Everything went like clockwork, and while Mr. Spratt gave his orders Burt, by direction, saw that they were duly executed.

In less than an hour the work was accomplished, and no trace of the accident remained.

Although extremely busy, Burt Leroy was not without time to be uneasy about his brother.

Of course he was all right, but just the same, no one of whom he had found opportunity to make inquiry had seen Rob.

Burt never once thought of going to the ladies' tent and asking Mrs. Hanks.

"That's the talk!" cried the manager, as he stood beside Burt, who was still clothed in his riding-tights in the center of the ring. "We'll see now who dares to meddle with that pole again. Burt, pick up that rope, will you? The ring must be kept clear. Smithers, you and Flannigan watch here tonight. Arm yourselves. Shoot down the first man who dares to show his nose in this tent. I don't give a continental who it is!"

And thus saying Mr. Spratt picked up his coat, which he had removed during his unwonted exertion, flung it over his arm, and was about to retire to his own apartment, when a loud cry from a distant part of the ring caused him to start back with horror written on his face.

"The lion's loose—the lion's loose!"

It was announcement unnecessary.

At the same instant a deafening roar, which seemed to fairly shake the tent, burst upon their ears.

Not only was the lion loose, but he was heading directly toward the center-pole of the tent, beside which Burt and the manager stood.

"Great heaven, what next?" breathed Mr. Spratt, in horror. "Get a gun, someone! Call Hughes! The only way is to shoot him, and it must be done quick!"

But no one paid any attention.

The "supes" ran this way and that. Riley, the clown, with a face as pale as death, sprang over the rope and bounded up the tier of benches like a deer.

At this instant the beast gave vent to the roar which had startled Rob Leroy.

It was louder and even more terrifying than the first.

On came the lion with fearful bounds.

Mr. Spratt was over the rope now and shouting to Burt to save himself, as his brother had heard.

There was the great tent pole close beside him, to climb which would have been child's play for the young athlete, but still Burt Leroy never moved.

The lion was worth five thousand dollars if he was worth



a cent. It was doubtful even if he could have been duplicated for twice that sum.

"Keep quiet!" shouted Burt as he nimbly dodged the spring of the infuriated beast. "Don't let anyone shoot. I'll fix him! Trust to me!"

Even as the words died from his lips he leaped nimbly upon the back of the lion which had now turned and was crouching for a spring.

Already the brave boy had twisted the rope he held into a great noose, and, balancing himself upon the back of the lion as coolly as though it had been his own horse, Burt essayed to fling the noose about its neck.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BURT SEES WINCHELL HILL.

Fancy the feelings of Rob Leroy as he peered through the canvas door connecting the menagerie with the main tent!

Burt was already on the lion's back and was trying his best to get the rope noose about the animal's neck.

It fairly took poor Rob's breath away to watch him, making him feel, as he afterward expressed it, "as weak as a washed-out rag."

There was nothing he could do to help Burt.

There was nothing to do but to leave the bold fellow alone or shoot Mr. Spratt's most valuable lion.

Rob knew very well that were he to attempt to interfere Burt would never forgive him for the act.

He consequently stood motionless and silent, watching his brother with beating heart.

Nor was Rob the only watcher.

Upon the empty benches outside the ring Mr. Spratt, Happy Joe and the rest stood contemplating Burt's movements with the deepest interest, no one uttering a sound.

It was an exciting scene.

The lion at the moment of Burt's bold jump found himself taken completely by surprise.

A man on his back was something the beast was not used to.

In vain he tried to shake him off, to turn and seize him between those terrible jaws, springing as he did so now to the right, now to the left, lashing his tail from side to side, now and again breaking the stillness with deafening roars.

To make matters more interesting, the other beasts in the menagerie tent seemed to know instinctively that something was wrong, although, of course, they could see nothing that was happening in the ring.

The lions roared in concert with her partner; the tigers snarled, the hyena howled and the panther cried like a child.

It was a perfect bedlam of sounds, but, as Rob could see, it did not affect Burt in the least.

What the boy had to fear more than all else was that the maddest beast would lie down and roll. As long as he could keep him on his feet and moving he knew that he was safe.

How did he manage this?

Beats your heart, I'll never tell you.

You see, I wasn't there, and only tell the story as it was told to me.

He did it somehow, and in a quarter the time I have spent in describing it had the noose about the neck of the lion and had drawn it tight, as Burt was well out of reach of the lion's paws, he flung himself down at last.

"Harrak! You've got him!" shouted Mr. Spratt, springing into the ring and seizing the rope. "Burt Leroy, you are a tramp! More than a tramp—my right power! What in the

world I would have done without you these last few days, goodness only knows."

"Don't pull that rope so hard, Mr. Spratt. You'll choke him to death. Can't you see he can hardly breathe?"

Happy Joe, Rob and the rest had rushed in now, and all took a hand in holding the lion down.

"I don't care anything about that, so long as you are safe," cried the manager, giving the rope an extra tug.

"But I do, then. I don't want to have had my risk for nothing. Here, give me hold of that rope. I'd have had him in the cage by this time if you'd only let me alone. Ah! thank goodness, here's Hughes at last."

The sudden arrival of the beast tamer, who came rushing into the ring with his hair fairly standing on end, quickly settled it.

He was none too soon.

If Mr. Spratt had been given a moment more at the rope he would have certainly succeeded in putting a fine finishing touch to Burt's bold undertaking by choking the lion to death.

Thankfully, though pale and evidently in a terrible rage about something, did not lose his head.

Knelling by the side of the lion he loosed the noose, and peremptorily ordering all hands from the ring, soon had the beast safely back in his cage.

Then came the storm.

"What in thunder did you want to go away and leave things so, for?" roared Mr. Spratt, making almost as much noise as the lion.

"If it hadn't been for Burt, I'd have been the owner of dollars laid out, to say nothing of the chance of some of us being killed."

"Mr. Spratt, I—I haven't a word to say, sir. I've been tricked—fooled. Someone is working against me. Discharge me, if you like. I—I shan't blame you, but I do hate to get sir, that I lost that rope so awfully badly."

"The lion was wilder when I came through," answered Rob. "I saw it myself."

"Where have you been?" shouted the manager.

"A boy came running in and told me you wanted to see me down at the wagons on the other end of the lot."

"A boy—what boy? I've been here in the main tent all the evening."

"I don't know the boy, sir. Never saw him before. Thought he might be a new hand you had picked up. It's all my fault, I know."

Loud words, angry discussion, protestations from Hughes.

They kept it up for half an hour without coming to any conclusion other than that the same malignant hand which had sawed the tent-pole had been at work again.

No doubt Mr. Spratt would have discharged the beast tamer if he had dared.

As a man of Hughes' qualification was not to be picked up every day, he hesitated to do that, and owing vengeance upon everyone, save the twins, Mr. Spratt retreated to his own apartment and to bed.

Neither Burt Leroy nor his brother Rob slept that night.

They talked together at a small table, known as the "consultatory," with the subordinate members of the company. The lady riders, the trappers and principal performers slept at a neighboring table.

Burt and Rob could have stayed in that position but they so disliked the matter that they left the camp for so many years ago that they had become famous as actors, they still continued the practice from choice.

Rob had his money to 1000, and Burt found it necessary to talk about the other of the two years.

They were still discussing their matter when the night



of a pistol-shot suddenly rang out upon the stillness of the

"Great Scott! What's that?" cried Rob, raising himself in

"Someone prowling about the tent," echoed Burt. "Mr. Spratt told the watchman to shoot the first man he saw there, and, by George, that's just what he's done!"

Burt was on his feet and out of the bunk before Rob could answer.

As he had not taken the trouble to undress himself, there was no time lost.

The dormitory was separated from the main tent by a considerable space.

As Burt sprang from beneath the canvas, he saw the watchman running toward him pistol in hand.

"There he goes! There he goes!" he shouted, pointing toward a man's flying form, which could be dimly seen making tracks toward a roundhouse near the railroad, some distance away.

"Who was it?" demanded Burt. "Did you hit him?"

"Faith, an' I don't know, sir. I seen his head coming under the canvas an' I let drive. I think I must have missed him by the way he runs."

There was no use in attempting to follow the intruder.

Burt saw at a glance that he had entirely too good a start.

He saw something else, too, which caused him no little uneasiness.

There was a locomotive standing upon the track not a great way from the roundhouse, and as the man passed before the headlight, he turned for one instant and looked behind him.

The movement served to reveal his face to Burt Leroy with

It was the face of the ex-ringmaster, Winchell Hill!

## CHAPTER VIII.

### SEIZED BY THE SHERIFF.

witness the wonderful act of Signor Spandalini, the great, the only Sicilian sword swallower, the man with the iron stom-

It was in the great Western city of Chicago, on the old circus lot on the "North Side," just off of Dearborn avenue, not far from Lincoln Park.

The time was early in the month of July, and the circus, after many adventures, had at length pitched its tents for a week's stay in the city by the lake shore.

and how has it fared with our twin riders, Burt and Rob?

The season had been a successful one, yet somehow Mr. Spratt, who was a man of extravagant habits and reckless expenditures, had not seen his way clear to make up the amount necessary to satisfy the mortgage on his circus.

It is true that he might have done so if he had been of a more prudent nature, but in a show of the magnitude of the Grand Consolidated there are always a hundred calls for money, and the much-tried manager, somehow or another, could not seem to get a thousand dollars ahead.

Now that distance separated him from his angry creditor, he seemed to have dismissed the matter from his mind.

"It will be time enough to settle with Eisenstein at the end of the season," he said to Burt one day, when his favorite made allusion to the matter.

It was a happy-go-lucky way of doing business, but it was Mr. Spratt's way, and Burt, of course, let the matter drop.

And right here it may be as well to mention that nothing whatever had been seen of Winchell Hill since that night in Buffalo.

alded by the advance agent, did not fail to draw admiring crowds.

The season had been a successful one, yet somehow Mr. Spratt, who was a man of extravagant habits and reckless expenditures, had not seen his way clear to make up the amount necessary to satisfy the mortgage on his circus.

It is true that he might have done so if he had been of a more prudent nature, but in a show of the magnitude of the Grand Consolidated there are always a hundred calls for money, and the much-tried manager, somehow or another, could not seem to get a thousand dollars ahead.

Now that distance separated him from his angry creditor, he seemed to have dismissed the matter from his mind.

"It will be time enough to settle with Eisenstein at the end of the season," he said to Burt one day, when his favorite made allusion to the matter.

It was a happy-go-lucky way of doing business, but it was Mr. Spratt's way, and Burt, of course, let the matter drop.

And right here it may be as well to mention that nothing whatever had been seen of Winchell Hill since that night in Buffalo.

Was the sawing of the tent-pole and the loosing of the lion actually the revengeful work of the ex-ringmaster?

Burt and his brother Rob were sure of it, Mr. Spratt doubtful.

The fact was, the manager did not believe the man seen by Burt to have been Winchell Hill at all.

The shouter for the sideshow was mistaken in the matter of the two ten-cent pieces.

The young lady and her escort, unallured by the attractions he had to offer, walked directly past him to the ticket-box of the main tent.

It was afternoon, and a matinee already in progress.

As luck would have it, Jones, the ticket-seller, was sick and away from his post, and Mr. Spratt, having his own hands full, had placed Burt in the box, leaving Rob, for once, to ride alone.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Leroy. This is Mr. Dawkins. We have come to see you ride."

Certainly Burt Leroy had never in all his life heard a voice so sweet and so full of sympathy.

But who was it?

The young lady and her escort, unallured by the attractions he had to offer, walked directly past him to the ticket-box of the main tent.

"You do not seem to recollect me," said the young lady, looking a little perplexed and blushing in turn.

"Really, miss, I have never had the pleasure——"

"Is it possible that you have forgotten the night the tent fell down in Buffalo?"

Could this be Miss Ethel Tucker?

Ever since the arrival of the circus in Chicago, Rob had been on the anxious seat to hear from his Buffalo acquaintances and talked of them constantly.

That he had been mistaken for his brother, Burt saw at once.

"I think it must be my brother you refer to," he answered. "I am Burt Leroy. I presume I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Tucker, of whom I have often heard my brother speak."

It gave Burt particular pleasure to be able to say this, for he could see the face of Mr. Dawkins darken jealously—he had responded to the introduction with an icy bow.

"How provokingly stupid of me," replied the young lady, laughing. "Yes, I am Miss Tucker, and I certainly should have known you for your own sake. The time has passed when you were a mere circus rider."

"I am not a circus rider," said Burt, looking at her with a smile.



most rudely in front of her. "Two reserved seats, if you please."

"My brother will be in the ring in a moment," said Burt, handing out the tickets without apparently noticing Mr. Dawkins' offensive manner. "After the performance he will be only too happy——"

"Ethel, I protest against you holding further conversation with this person!" cried Mr. Dawkins, glaring fiercely. "What would your father say? What——"

"Cousin Sam, you are acting in a very ungentlemanly manner," flashed the girl, interrupting him. "Mr. Leroy, I am staying at the Grand Pacific with relatives. Father will be in Chicago in a day or two and desires that both you and your brother shall call on him. Meanwhile he intrusted me with this. Good-afternoon."

And as Miss Tucker placed upon the shelf of the ticket window a great legal-looking envelope her irate escort, who had seized her arm, almost dragged her away into the tent.

"Phew!" whistled Burt. "What a stunning girl! How mad I made that dude, too. Rob, my boy, I don't wonder you're in love. What have we here? News of a fortune? Won't Rob open his eyes!"

In fact, so great was the young man's curiosity excited that he was unable to restrain himself.

It was not to be supposed that there would be many more tickets sold that afternoon, so locking the cash-drawer, Burt turned the ticket-box over to the temporary care of Signor Spandalini's head shouter and went off to seek his brother in the tent.

Of course, Rob was immediately excited.

As it was almost time for his bareback act, the brothers could only speak together for a moment, but this was long enough to enable Rob, to whom the envelope was addressed, to open it when out fell a \$5,000 check.

It was Burt who picked it up and discovered its size.

How the boys did stare!

There was also a letter from Mr. Tucker, in which he stated that he had made investments in the circus and should have some wonderful news to communicate in the course of a very few days.

"Meanwhile allow me the privilege of advancing to you and your brother a trifling sum," the letter continued. "You must close your engagement with the circus at once and prepare to enter upon a life becoming your wealth and station. I don't say that the matter is absolutely certain yet, but I feel so sanguine that I have no hesitation in loaning this money to you in accepting it. If it turns out otherwise, should I be mistaken, I shall never trouble you for its return."

"Look here, Burt, I can't take this money?"

"I don't think we ought to, Rob. But—— If he wants the money with you?"

"There's a letter in the ticket-box, too," whispered the head shouter, who had come running in breathless. "It's from Mr. Tucker, and is breaking open the cash-drawer. There's two fellows with him, and he says he's deputy sheriff of Cook county, with a writ of attachment against the old man!"

## CHAPTER IX

THE BOYS' CASH-DRAWER. THE OLD MAN'S \$5,000 CHECK.

During the hour that passed there had to be about Montecarlo's performance, and the Circus tent what the boys called a "high old time."

Of course, the audience was not the same as that of the previous evening, but it was still a good one.

Now that the boys had the money, they were in a better position to deal with the old man.

cousin, Sam Dawkins, left the tent at the close of the entertainment, thinking it very strange that Rob Leroy, for whom, much to the disgust of Mr. Dawkins, she had taken no pains to conceal her admiration as he went spinning around the ring on horseback, had not found time to come around to the front and pay his respects.

In her own mind Ethel attributed this neglect on Rob's part to be the cavalier manner with which her cousin had treated Burt in the ticket-box; and, disappointed at not having been afforded the opportunity to shake hands, at least, with the handsome young rider, made things decidedly entertaining for Cousin Dawkins all the way back to the hotel.

Of the true state of affairs Ethel had not the faintest suspicion.

Behind the scenes all was confusion, and yet, thanks to Ringmaster Leroy's careful training, the performance went straight ahead without a break.

"The sheriff's got the old man. There's a keeper in the box!"

Like wildfire the words were passed from mouth to mouth.

Meanwhile the deputy sheriff had seized all the cash in the ticket-box and served upon the wretched Spratt a formidable document headed:

Moses Eisenstein, Plaintiff, vs. James Spratt, Defendant.

Order of Attachment.

Following which was the usual formula: City of Chicago, County of Cook, beside a second document equally formidable in appearance, instructing the sheriff of said county to appropriate any and all property belonging to the defendant which could be found.

How had Eisenstein managed it?

Spratt was no lawyer and could not tell.

First he showed fight, but finding that of no use, hurried off downtown to consult a lawyer on his own account, leaving the deputy and his keepers in charge of the tent.

During that hour of confusion the twins had neither opportunity nor inclination to speak to the manager of their own affairs.

In fact, both Burt and Rob were deeply puzzled.

There was something so strange in the mysterious hints thrown out by Mr. Tucker, to say nothing of the loan of the \$5,000 check, that neither of them knew exactly what course they ought to pursue.

"Anyhow I shan't leave this circus till I've seen the old man through the season," said Burt to his brother, stoutly. "He's been as good as our own father could be to us, and has had nothing but trouble ever since we started out. I, for one, ain't going to do anything to make matters worse."

"I'm with you whatever you do," Rob had replied, and just at that juncture Mr. Spratt, very hot and excited, came steaming in.

The boys were seated in the manager's private room, where they had undertaken to keep guard over the keeper to see that he made no attempt to pry into Mr. Spratt's books and papers.

As it had got to be so now that Mr. Spratt could take no step without consulting Burt, the boys found themselves in close conversation with the kind-hearted, but inefficient manager at once.

"It ain't one mite of use, Burt," were his first words. "I've consulted my lawyer and Eisenstein's lawyer. The miserable old fraud had suit started against me two months ago in this county in anticipation of my arrival. I've either got to raise \$1,000 between this and twelve o'clock to-morrow or be sold out by the sheriff."

The manager paused.

It was pointed out to him that the sheriff's office was in the city.

It was also pointed out to him that the sheriff's office was in the city.



when to hand it over to Mr. Spratt would prevent the threatened sale.

"I can raise the money in New York if they would only give me time," continued Mr. Spratt, gloomily. "Of course, the circus is worth many times that sum, but who is going to bid on it? There's the rub! My credit is good for nothing. It will be knocked down to Eisenstein for a mere song just as sure as fate."

"Is Eisenstein here?" asked Burt, in surprise.

"He is. He is staying with a brother of his who keeps a clothing store away out on Blue Island avenue. It seems he's settled here, has bought an interest in a grain elevator, and joined the Board of Trade."

"Why didn't you go out and see him and ask him to hold off?" suggested Rob.

"Because it wouldn't be the slightest use in the first place, and for fear that I might lose my temper and do something rash in the second. No, no, boys, it wouldn't do. I was a fool to put myself in the power of such a man. I might have known how it would end."

Then, as the conversation continued, Rob for the first time told Mr. Spratt of his adventure in Buffalo, and of its sequel, the \$5,000 check.

The manager listened to the story with a great appearance of interest.

"You ought to have told me all this sooner, boys," he said. "I should have made it my business to have seen this Mr. Tucker and had a talk with him. If it really turns out that there is property coming to you it would be very strange."

"It's just as he says, people all thought that father ought to have left money," said Burt.

"And yet Eisenstein assured me that you were poor orphans."

"Eisenstein!" exclaimed Burt and Bob in a breath.

"Why, yes. It was he who urged me to take you. Did I ever tell you?"

"Never."

"I have so many things on my mind that I suppose I forgot it. He said that he didn't know you nor you him, that he was doing it to oblige a friend."

"It is all very mysterious," mused Burt, "but I suppose it will be explained when Mr. Tucker arrives."

"I shall make it my special business to have it explained, you may depend, but I say, boys, you don't think of leaving me?"

"Of course not."

"I shall be waiting for you until I can make a raise? It's just the amount I need, and I am certain to get the money in course of the week."

"If you think we have any right to use it, I am willing," said Rob.

"I shall see why you haven't the right; beside, I shall make it my business to see before Mr. Tucker arrives. Burt, what do you say?"

Rob could not refuse; and it was agreed that the check should be cashed out to Mr. Eisenstein's address at once.

"I shall be sorry for fear of trouble," said Mr. Spratt. "If you will let me depend upon it I shall never forget it. I shall be sure to have the keepers removed."

"I shall be sure to have the keepers removed," said Rob.

Rob then went to the office of Mr. Eisenstein and found him waiting for him.

He then went to the office of Mr. Eisenstein and found him waiting for him.

He then went to the office of Mr. Eisenstein and found him waiting for him.

over which the sign of Israel Eisenstein was displayed was found to be closed.

"You will find Mr. Moses Eisenstein down at the office of his elevator," said the young Jewess, who opened the hall door in response to Rob's ring. "It's right at the foot of that alley on the river bank, you can't miss it if you were to try."

Rob followed the direction and hurried down the lonely alley toward the great elevator in the office of which a light could be seen burning.

When he tried the door he found it fastened; when he knocked it was presently opened and there before him, scowling malignantly, stood his old enemy Winchell Hill.

## CHAPTER X.

### A PAIR OF PLOTTERS.

It would have been decidedly interesting to Rob Leroy could he have been a listener to the conversation which was taking place in the office of Moses Eisenstein's new grain elevator at the moment of his knock.

But Rob's ears, as Sam Weller might have said, not being "double h'extra power h'audiphones, but h'only h'ears," they were unable to hear what was going on behind a door down a passage, and behind a second door, which communicated with the office itself.

Besides, the most interesting part of the conversation took place long before Rob knocked on the door at all.

The speakers were Moses Eisenstein and the ex-tyrant of the "Grand Consolidated," Winchell Hill.

It was long after working hours, and everyone connected with the elevator had gone home, leaving not even a watchman behind.

You see the elevator was being thoroughly overhauled for its new owner. For some time previous it had been closed, and as it was not yet in shape to receive grain, only one watchman was deemed necessary, and this one taking umbrage at the exceedingly offensive manner of his new master, had packed himself off that evening in a huff.

It was this circumstance which brought Moses Eisenstein to the office at night.

He had just taken off his coat, lit a cigar and started in to examine a batch of bills for repairs on the elevator, when the door opened and in walked Winchell Hill.

"Hello, Eisenstein!"

"Mein freund, goot-evening. De sheriff did his duty, huh? Have you heard?"

"Oh, yes, he captured the cash box and raised the mischief generally. I'm told that old Spratt flew around like a hen with her head cut off. He was going to thrash the deputy at first, but thought better of it afterward."

"Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Jew. "How I would have liked to haf been dere! Vell, vell, my freund, I puy dat circus sheap by to-morrow. Spratt cannot raise de money. Dverywhere in Chicago I haf let it be known that he borrows but never pays."

"That's all right as far as it goes," said Hill, taking off his coat, with the air of a man who proposed making himself at home. "Got a cigar, Eisenstein?"

"Plenty, plenty. Dere's de pox—hellup yourself."

"How about making me ringmaster?" demanded the ex-ringmaster, helping himself not only to one cigar, but to a handful, which he pocketed on the fly.

"Vell, vell, I haf no objection. You know dat I telt you."

"That as soon as I could find means to place those two young upstarts, Burt and Rob Leroy, where they would never



turn up to interfere with you again, you would put up a job to oust Spratt and give me a half interest in the circus."

"Dat's de size of it," snapped the Jew. "Dat's de size of it. Spratt must go—I said it in New York already. I wait for you to do your part, but you do it not. Shall I wait longer, huh?"

"I tried it on in Buffalo. I fixed it so the lion got loose——"

"Ta! ta! ta! Dot vas all schild's play. If de lion had both twins eat up I would haf been satisfied; but vat goot in rehearsing failures? Look-a-here, bouncing dem poys von't do. Dey must be pounced off de planet, see?"

"What have you against them, Eisenstein?" demanded Hill, not in the least disturbed by the cold-blooded villainy of the Jew's rapid speech.

"None of your peezness. I tole you dot pefore. De twins must go—see? Dey must go quick—see? I haf more reason now dan as ven ve talked over dis matter in New York. I'm going into peezness in Chicago and it von't do to have old matters brought up against me—see?"

"Yes, yes, I see. You needn't ask me twenty times."

"You promised me dose poys should be fixed long ago."

"Well, I thought they would be, but I was mistaken, it seems. How much will you give in cash beside the half interest in the circus? I don't propose to sell myself too cheap."

"Sheap! Sheap! Vat you want—de earth? Haf I not given you half dot money you saw me take from the Roman behind the night the tiger got loose? I vas a fool to do dat. Never tought you vas looking. It vas de vorst kind of a give-away for me."

"Ha! ha! ha! Didn't I catch you nice?" roared Hill. "Well, well, you needn't repeat it. It's better—it brought us to an understanding, and we may be useful to each other. It's smart fellows like you and me that get ahead in this world. But I say, no one can hear us, I suppose?"

"Dere's not a soul apout de bremises."

"Good enough. Now, then, what do you propose?"

"Vat do I bropose? I've made my broposition and I bropose to stick to it. If a half interest in de Grand Consolidated von't satisfy you, vy, all dere is apout it I get somevon else to do de job."

"Oh, please! no you won't."

"I say I will. You can't blackmail me beyond a point, my friend. I tell you vat I'll do—don't monkey mit me no more."

"But, now, you seem to forget that there's such a thing as blackmailing a man," said the ringmaster, in a low voice.

"Haf de job done den."

"Not much."

"Please yourself."

"If it could only be made to seem like an accident, now."

"You've tried that."

"You are right; it didn't work. I tell you what, Eisenstein. If you get possession of the circus at the end to-morrow, you get rid of the monster, and I'll engage to rid you of those boys before long."

"I von't do anything of de sort. You carry out your part of de bargain at first, or——"

Rat! tat! tat! Rat! tat! tat!"

There was someone knocking at the office door.

"Heaven! I hope no one has overheard us!" breathed Winchell Hill, in a frightened whisper. "Who do you suppose it can be?"

In a flash of lightning-like suspicion, the Jew arose abruptly, walked on tiptoe toward the window and took a hurried look into the alley without.

"The Abbe! If it isn't one of dose poys now!" he exclaimed in a low tone.

"You don't say so! Which one is it?"

"How should I know? I can't tell dem apart. Look-a-here, what's your business?"

"I don't say."

"Den I do. Dere's no one in dis elevator but ourselves. De poy has come from Spratt to beg time of me, no doubt. Suppose——"

Here the voice of Moses Eisenstein sank into so low a whisper that it was only with difficulty the other could hear what he said.

"Do you mean it?" breathed Hill, turning pale.

"Of course I mean it. Ha! dere he goes again!"

Rat! tat! tat! Rat! tat! tat!

The knocking had been repeated even louder than before.

"Shall I open the door?" demanded the ex-ringmaster, in low, strained tones.

"Yes, eef you mean beezness."

"Think of the risk."

"Ta, ta! Dere is no risk."

"Well, here goes then. Mind, now, it's a half interest—no less."

Thus saying, Winchell Hill passed out into the passage and hurried toward the outer door.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A DASTARDLY DEED.

Hello, Rob Leroy! What in the world brings you here?"

The tone in which the ex-ringmaster addressed Rob was so pleasant as to throw Mr. Spratt's young messenger completely off his guard.

"Good-evening, Mr. Hill. I never expected to find you here. It's Mr. Eisenstein I wanted to see."

"Eisenstein? What do you want to see him about?"

"I've got a message for him from Mr. Spratt."

"Well, he's upstairs in the elevator somewhere looking after some repairs that were done to-day. How's things at the circus?"

"All right."

"Heard the sheriff had levied on the old man?"

"I suppose you know all about it, Mr. Hill, since you are here."

"Well, yes. Eisenstein told me. You see, he's bought this grain elevator, and I'm going to run it for him."

"You?"

"Certainly; why not?"

"Oh, nothing, only I didn't know that you understood the business."

"You didn't, eh? Well, what's the matter with learning? How's Burt?"

"He's first rate."

"Had a good season?"

"Yes, so far."

"I hear Burt is ringmaster now; is that so?"

"Yes. You lit out and left the old man in the lurch?"

"I was sick and tired of his whims and crotchets," replied Hill, who somehow seemed possessed of a strange desire to prolong the conversation. "You see, Rob, Eisenstein is an old friend of mine. I knew he was going to buy one of these elevators, and since he promised to make me partner, I thought I might as well quit the circus first as last."

"That was the way of it, was it?" said Rob, who was beginning to grow tired of so much talk with a man he both detested and despised. "Can I see Mr. Eisenstein? I'm in something of a hurry."

"What did you say you wanted to see him about?"

"I don't say."

Rob had not the faintest idea of communicating his business to Winchell Hill.

In the first place he felt that the matter did not concern











white hats tilted back upon their heads, and for the most part smoking cigars, moved about the floor here and there, or stood talking together in groups, paying little or no attention to the auctioneer as he shouted out these words.

"Don't all speak at once!" cried a red-faced man who stood beside a short, stout, pompous-looking Hebrew, close under the raised platform upon which the auctioneer stood.

Then somebody laughed, and somebody else remarked that Montague Montmorency's Grand Consolidated Circus and Menagerie must have been doing a poor business to let the sheriff catch it thus early in its trans-continental tour, and the shouts of the auctioneer began again.

Over in one corner stood Mr. Spratt, looking pale and worn as though he had not slept a wink all night.

He would not trust himself to look at Moses Eisenstein and Winchell Hill—the red-faced man and his Hebrew friend—although the former, who was strutting about, talking in a loud, offensive manner, did his best to catch the manager's eye.

Now Mr. Spratt's face did not belie him.

The manager of the Grand Consolidated had not only been deprived of sleep the night previous, but had not taken one moment's rest during the day.

The cause was ample.

It was owing to the unexplained absence of his twin favorites—Burt and Rob Leroy.

Burt! Was he missing also?

He was indeed.

From the moment when Mr. Spratt had seen him vault upon Black Dick's back and ride away from the circus late the night previous, Burt Leroy had not been seen.

Long before morning Mr. Spratt had grown too uneasy to stand it any longer.

Hurrying down to the Central Police Station on Kinzie street, he had communicated the facts to the officer in charge, and with a well-known detective had gone out to Blue Island avenue at once.

The journey proved useless, and only served to place the unfortunate manager in more unhappy relations with his creditor than before.

Eisenstein was routed out of bed, and a terrible scene followed between them.

Spratt accused the Jew of underhand work in connection with the boys' strange disappearance, while Eisenstein denied having seen the boys at all, threatening all sorts of revenge.

"I vill haf you arrested for defaming mine character!" he had shouted, thrusting his face in the manager's face. "You say I took dem boys! Don't say you lie! It is all a trick—a scheme! You nefer sent dem to me mit a \$5,000 sheck! Pah! It is absurd!"

Now what Moses Eisenstein may have thought when it came to his knowledge that Rob Leroy was possessed with a check for a large sum at the time of Winchell Hill's dastardly desertion, we cannot say.

What the detective thought, and what he said and repeated again and again, was that the possession of the money had proved too great a temptation for Rob and his brother, and that they had gone off together, as he expressed it, "on a high old spree."

Mr. Spratt could not agree to this.

He knew the twin riders far too well.

That something serious had happened he felt positive, and between his efforts to interest the police in the matter and the manager's attempts to raise the means to buy in the circus at the coming sale, the red-faced manager was fairly wild.

Now the time had come, and the auction was in progress.

Mr. Spratt, who had managed to interest his lawyer to the extent of being willing to risk a certain sum, stood nervously watching the result.

"Come, gentlemen, come! Speak up!" shouted the auctioneer. "The property is well known, and it is equally well known that ten thousand is a ridiculous sum to offer for it. Speak up, and let's hear a decent bid."

"Twelve thousand," said the manager's lawyer, quietly, without looking around.

"Fifteen thousand!" shouted Eisenstein. "I buys de circus eef I pay tree hundred tousand. 'Tain't no use to pid against me, you'll see."

"Fifteen! Give me twenty! Fifteen! Give me twenty!" rattled the auctioneer. "Gentlemen, this is all wrong. No bid short of five thousand can be received hereafter. Why, the menagerie alone is worth a hundred thousand dollars. It could not be replaced for half as much again."

"Twenty-five thousand!"

This from the lawyer.

"Tirty tousand!" roared Eisenstein.

"Thirty-five!"

"Forty!"

"Forty-five tousand, und dot vas orter settle it!" screamed the Jew. "It's a plame sight more monish dan Spratt has got!"

"Look here—is your name Spratt?" asked one of the spectators, suddenly approaching the manager. "How is this that your circus is up at auction? I thought you had one of the best-paying shows in the land. I was coming out to see you this afternoon about those two young riders of yours, Burt and Rob Leroy."

Mr. Spratt stared.

"To whom have I pleasure of speaking?" he began.

"My name is Tucker," replied the stranger. "Horace G. Tucker, of Buffalo. You may have heard of me from Rob Leroy."

Mr. Spratt had heard of the rich Buffalo merchant, and told him so.

He also explained hastily the nature of his difficulty, and also the strange disappearance of the twins.

Meanwhile the bidding had progressed.

Sixty thousand had been offered for the "Grand Consolidated," by Mr. Spratt's lawyer and as this happened, he limit he turned to consult the manager, as the auctioneer called out the name of the Jew.

"Sixty thousand! Come, Mr. Eisenstein, what ails you? Sixty thousand! sixty. thousand. Going at sixty thousand! Why, upon my word if Eisenstein hasn't lit out."

Now it so happened that until that moment Mr. Tucker had not heard this name mentioned.

"Eisenstein—Eisenstein!" he exclaimed. "Is that the name of your creditor, Mr. Spratt?"

"It is."

"Moses Eisenstein, of New York?"

"Yes."

"And to this man you sent Rob Leroy last night with my check?"

"It was, Mr. Tucker. I ought not to have attempted to borrow of the boy, I know, but—"

"Hold on!" cried Mr. Tucker. "It ain't that. Where is Eisenstein? Is he here? This thing must be looked into. Moses Eisenstein has good reason for wanting those boys out of the way. Which is he? Show him to me. I—"

But to point out the Jew at that moment would have been a difficult matter.

By this time all present had become interested in the bidding on the circus, and quite a crowd had gathered about the auctioneer's platform.

As Mr. Spratt turned then from looking at the Jew, he saw that the Jew was not among them.

For some unknown reason Mr. Eisenstein had hastily taken



his departure, and Winchell Hill with him, leaving the Great Consolidated to be bought in by the manager's lawyer on the sixty-thousand-dollar bid.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### ROB FALLS INTO BAD HANDS.

Chicago is a curious place.

Like New York, its principal streets are never quiet night nor day—there is always someone moving this way or that from the going down to the rising of the sun.

Perhaps the quietest portion of the city by night is by the river bank, far down on the South Side in the immediate vicinity of the great grain elevators, and yet even there it is not always quiet, nor was it so on the particular night of Rob Leroy's accident, when, a short while before that unfortunate occurrence, the stillness was broken by three pistol-shots.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The watchman at a certain elevator, situated a short distance further up the river than the establishment recently purchased by Moses Eisenstein, had discharged his revolver at the two rough-looking men discovered prowling about the office door.

"It's a couple of them blamed river thieves," he panted, as he came running along the wooded platform in front of the elevator. "Which way did they go, now? I certainly saw them. They must have taken to their boat."

The watchman was right.

Although he kept his eye fixed upon the turbid ditch which boasts of the name "Chicago river" for some little time without catching a glimpse of the marauders, no sooner was his back turned than out from behind a great lake steamer a boat

came forth and moved with great rapidity down the stream. The two men in the boat and they pulled for all they

never pausing to look behind them until the planked sides on the opposite bank had been

of the pair, addressing his companion as Bill, "Told you it was

the brief response. "Told you it was the brief response. "Told you it was

the brief response. "Told you it was the brief response. "Told you it was

the brief response. "Told you it was the brief response. "Told you it was

the brief response. "Told you it was the brief response. "Told you it was

the brief response. "Told you it was the brief response. "Told you it was

the brief response. "Told you it was the brief response. "Told you it was

the brief response. "Told you it was the brief response. "Told you it was

the brief response. "Told you it was the brief response. "Told you it was

It was poor Rob.

Had the two river thieves been less intent upon their own affairs just at that particular moment they must have seen his terrible fall from the elevator window to a certainty.

As it was they only heard the splash.

When Rob's body rose to the surface his eyes were closed, and his condition one of utter helplessness.

When the two men drew him into the boat he was entirely unconscious—scarcely breathing.

"Now blame me if this ain't the blamedest!" whispered Reddy Cook, as he gazed upon the still, white features of the youth in the bottom of the boat. "Where do you suppose he came from, Bill?"

"Blest if I know. Must have dropped off the wharf. I can't see a soul around."

"I tell you it ain't so. A fellow could never drop off the wharf with a splash like that. He was pitched in as sure as you're alive, and the fellow what done it has skipped away."

Though the man spoke the truth, as we know, there was certainly no evidence of it.

It was all quiet just then about Mr. Eisenstein's elevator, for Winchell Hill, the instant his dastardly action was performed, had closed the window and hurried off down the stairs without so much as an effort to ascertain its result.

"Is he dead, do ye think?" asked Bill, bending over the boy. "'Cause if he is, we'd better dump him as soon as possible. This here ain't no place for us."

Indeed, so fully alive were the two river thieves to this latter consideration that, without waiting to further inquire into the matter, they resumed their oars and pulled down the river to a considerable distance before further investigation was even attempted.

"Blame me but the boy is dead," was the first remark of Reddy Cook when he ventured to put his hand on Rob's heart at last.

"Then we ain't got nothing to do with him only to go through him," answered Bill. "'Twon't do for us to say nothing, Reddy. Our own reputations is entirely too shaky. There's been foul play, but 'tain't none of our biz. What's the kid got onto him. Now's the time to see."

"Here's a nobby gold watch and chain fer one thing," was the reply, as the light-fingered Mr. Cook possessed himself of the articles in question—the gift of Mr. Spratt.

"No scarfpin, I see."

"No; he's only got a fifty-cent tie."

"How about the pocket?"

Even as Bill spoke his partner had thrust his hands into the pockets of Rob's pantaloons.

A handkerchief, a knife, a few keys, and some small change were all he discovered.

"Try the coat," whispered Bill. "That's the last—then we'll dump him. Dead or alive, he ain't no good to us."

Cook thrust his hand into the coat pocket and drew out an envelope.

"That's all there is here," he answered.

"What's in it?"

"Nix, I guess; it's as thin as a water, and— Well, may I be blowed!"

"What now?"

"Oh, nuthin'. There ain't nuthin' in this envelope—oh, no! Nuthin' only a \$5,000 check on the First National Bank of Illinois!"

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### THEY GO TO THE CITY.

We all know what happened to Rob Leroy that night, and as a consequence his disappearance from the scene of the "blamedest" is a matter of common knowledge.







It was the bow of one of those great lake steamers so plentiful about Chicago which had just projected itself beyond the line of the elevator.

Evidently the steamer was working its way down the river to its mouth.

But for the sharpness of the Jew's eyes they must have been discovered to a certainty.

As it was, the two men had just time to conceal themselves behind the watchman's little house upon the platform, drawing the inanimate body of Burt Leroy after them, as the steamer came alongside.

"De very ting!" whispered Eisenstein, as the great, clumsy craft moved slowly by. "Don't you see? Dere's only von man on deck, and he's forward. Ven she gets funder along schust you trow de pody on board over mit de stern rail. Dey'll never know where it come from until dey are miles out on de water—see?"

"Don't think of the risk? Some day you may get into all. You can't be sure."

"Nonsense. I am sure. Look for yourself. It's schust as I tell you. Quick, now! Now is your chance!"

It was indeed as the Jew had said.

The stern deck of the steamer, for some unknown reason, seemed to be entirely deserted.

Satisfied that such was the case, Winchell Hill raised the body of his young partner, and, holding him by the arms, he moved on down the stern rail upon the deck.

Thus, returning to the main deck, he and his partner moved on down the stern rail upon the deck.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE TWIN STEELS.

"What do you think of this?" asked Mr. Spratt, looking at the floor of the exchange. "Read Estate."

"I don't know anywhere," Mr. Spratt, replied. "He was a man of the Buffalonian wall. 'He was a man of the Buffalonian wall'—that's what I heard to pay three hundred thousand dollars for a piece of land before he let it drop, was blowing the wind of the Buffalonian wall. 'He was a man of the Buffalonian wall'—that's what I heard to pay three hundred thousand dollars for a piece of land before he let it drop, was blowing the wind of the Buffalonian wall."

"What do you think of me or the mention of my name that you are saying?" asked Mr. Spratt, turning to the circus manager. "Mr. Spratt, it was a lucky moment for me when I heard to take a hand in this little sale."

"What do you think of me or the mention of my name that you are saying?" asked Mr. Spratt, turning to the circus manager. "Mr. Spratt, it was a lucky moment for me when I heard to take a hand in this little sale."

"You don't know it? What's it all about, anyway?"

"What do you think of me or the mention of my name that you are saying?" asked Mr. Spratt, turning to the circus manager. "Mr. Spratt, it was a lucky moment for me when I heard to take a hand in this little sale."

"What do you think of me or the mention of my name that you are saying?" asked Mr. Spratt, turning to the circus manager. "Mr. Spratt, it was a lucky moment for me when I heard to take a hand in this little sale."

"What do you think of me or the mention of my name that you are saying?" asked Mr. Spratt, turning to the circus manager. "Mr. Spratt, it was a lucky moment for me when I heard to take a hand in this little sale."

"What do you think of me or the mention of my name that you are saying?" asked Mr. Spratt, turning to the circus manager. "Mr. Spratt, it was a lucky moment for me when I heard to take a hand in this little sale."

though you knew something." Mr. Spratt questioned quickly, at the same time drawing the Buffalonian away from the auctioneer's platform, where a block of city lots was now being sold amid considerable uproar.

"So I do. I know that I have got that check in my pocket now, with the indorsement of Mike Lynch, the keeper of one of the most notorious gambling dens in the city, upon it. I feared as much, and sent the check to Rob Leroy more than half to try him. Fortunately the teller of the First National Bank knew that I was in the city, and, wondering how my check should happen to fall into such disreputable hands, sent it round by a messenger a few moments ago to know, if all was right."

"Mr. Tucker, you wrong those boys," said the manager, with a calmness of manner which he rarely assumed. "What you would intimate is that Rob, instead of going to Eisenstein's, went off on a spree, cashing the check at Lynch's gambling house?"

"Precisely. I've lived and I know the world, Mr. Spratt. A circus is a hard school to bring up boys in. I wanted to find out what sort of chaps these twins were, and now I know."

"Have you the check about you?"

"Certainly, here it is."

And as Mr. Spratt spoke he drew the check from a leather wallet, placing it in the manager's hands.

Mr. Spratt turned the check over quickly.

On the back the name of Rob Leroy had been scrawled, evidently by some illiterate person, with the indorsement of the gambler beneath.

"And on this slight evidence you judge those boys?" demanded Mr. Spratt, gravely. "Look at that endorsement, my friend. I tell you in the most emphatic manner that Rob Leroy never wrote it. It resembles his signature in no way. Has this check been paid?"

"No."

"Then it must not be. I shall take it to police headquarters immediately; though I am in trouble enough, heaven knows. I'll sell everything I possess, but I'll find those boys and set them right in your eyes and the eyes of the world. Drink! why, neither of them have ever tasted liquor. Gamble! Mr. Spratt, I doubt greatly if either Burt or Rob could tell the jack of diamonds from the queen of clubs."

"You are getting excited, Mr. Spratt."

"I know I am, but I can't help it, sir. If the boys were my own sons I couldn't feel more strongly. Some terrible thing has happened to them, but your suggestion is utterly false. It is my belief that Eisenstein and that scoundrel of a ringmaster, who shall never set foot in my tent again, is at the bottom of it all."

"And I believe you," said Mr. Spratt, grasping the manager warmly by the hand. "I was wrong; I take it all back. Now I can't think of it. Eisenstein has only two good reasons for wanting to make way with the boys."

"Ah! now you are talking. But if you knew this, why didn't you tackle Eisenstein when you first came on the floor of the exchange?"

"Because I didn't for an instant guess it was Eisenstein," replied the Buffalonian, quickly. "Never saw the fellow in my life. Wouldn't have known he was here. If I hadn't heard the auctioneer speak his name."

"But you said—"

"That he had good reason for wanting the boys out of the way—yes. I did say so. I don't know Mr. Spratt, what your interest in Burt and Rob Leroy is, but I have a right to know all that I can. What then, was your interest in the boys?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of me or the mention of my name that you are saying?" asked Mr. Spratt, turning to the circus manager. "Mr. Spratt, it was a lucky moment for me when I heard to take a hand in this little sale."



"He told me all last night."

"That is, all he knew."

"Of course; and you can't think how I blame myself for borrowing that check."

"Let that pass; there is no use in regretting what can't be helped. What Rob Leroy told you amounts to nothing, for the reason that he knew nothing. The matter has assumed such shape that it will bear telling. Shall I tell you now?"

"As well now as any time."

"Then here you have it. Would it surprise you to know that Burt and Rob Leroy are legally entitled to more than three hundred thousand dollars of the fortune Moses Eisenstein calls his own?"

"You can't mean it, Mr. Tucker!"

"But I do, though. I set one of the best lawyers in New York City at work investigating the matter within three days after my interview with Rob Leroy in Buffalo, and I am obliged to confess that I was astounded myself at what he found."

"You see, the father of these boys was an old friend of mine, and as they have no doubt told you, he was believed by everyone to have died poor."

"This struck me as strange, since I knew him to have been well fixed a few years before his death, and it surprised others also, it seems; but though some slight effort was made to investigate his affairs at the time, no property whatever could be found."

"Now, the result of my investigation shows a very different state of affairs from what was supposed to exist."

"It seems that two years before he died Mr. Leroy sold off everything, and invested in a secret process for the extraction of mineral dyes from coal tar."

"So close was it kept that no one knew anything about the matter except this man Eisenstein, who was a partner in the enterprise, and when Leroy was killed in that railroad accident there was not so much as a scrap of paper found to show that the partnership ever had an existence."

"And the invention proved successful?" demanded Mr. Spratt, who had listened with close attention.

"Successful beyond all belief," was the reply. "Eisenstein cleared two millions, and then sold out the business. All that is now necessary is to serve the legal papers upon this scoundrel, demanding an accounting of the partnership. It wouldn't greatly surprise me if we found that the boys were entitled to half a million. Once we can put our finger on the fellow he'll have to show his hand, for my lawyer has discovered abundant proof of the justice of the claim."

"And does Eisenstein know this?" asked the manager.

"He does. It was for this reason he left New York."

"And for the same reason he has, perhaps, made way with Burt and Rob! Mr. Tucker, we must not lose an instant. The money must be found. As I said before, if it costs me my last dollar the mystery must be explained."

For that day passed and the next as well without a ray of light being shed upon the strange disappearance of the twin riders of the ring.

And the third day Mr. Spratt was reluctantly forced to abandon all personal attention to the matter.

A great circus must keep its engagements or go to destruction, and the "Grand Consolidated" moved on by rail to Minneapolis and St. Paul, minus its chief attraction, the twin riders of the ring.

At the clothing store on Blue Island avenue it was said that the Jew had "gone West." An indefinite statement which went for nothing at all.

It was not until the sudden appearance of Mr. Tucker in Chicago, and his subsequent departure, that the mystery was explained.

It was not until the sudden appearance of Mr. Tucker in Chicago, and his subsequent departure, that the mystery was explained.

Detectives were set at work, search was made in every direction, but all to no purpose.

On the third day Mr. Spratt was reluctantly forced to abandon all personal attention to the matter.

A great circus must keep its engagements or go to destruction, and the "Grand Consolidated" moved on by rail to Minneapolis and St. Paul, minus its chief attraction, the twin riders of the ring.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CIRCUS BUSINESS ON THE LAKE.

"Gentlemen, will some of you have the kindness to tell me where I am and how I came here?"

It was an extraordinary request, certainly, and it caused Captain Cutter of the Northern Transit Company's steamer Pewaukee to look up from an excellent poker hand in amazement at the speaker, a young man who had knocked modestly upon the half-open door of his private room.

"What the blue blazes ails the fellow, anyhow?" thundered the captain. "Who are ye and how did ye come here! Upon my word, you must have been powerful lush when you came aboard last night. Say, Mr. Whitson, be you going to call or not?"

There were three persons taking a hand in Captain Cutter's little poker game beside the commander of the Pewaukee himself.

These were Mr. Whitson, of St. Paul, Minnesota, who owns, as everyone in the Northwest is aware, the finest stud of racing horses in the United States, and two well-known horse trainers, whose names we have deemed it best to conceal.

Though somewhat coarse by nature, Mr. Whitson was possessed of a kind and generous heart.

He was on his return from the Chicago races, and the Pewaukee carried on the main deck horses belonging to him that half a million would not buy.

As the young man who had knocked at the door of the stateroom had preferred a civil request, it struck Mr. Whitson that he was entitled to a civil answer, and he told Captain Cutter as much in his own blunt way.

"What! Delay the game to talk to a drunken deckhand?" retorted the captain. "If you insist upon it, Mr. Whitson, it's nothing to me. Here, you—who the mischief are you, anyhow, and what is it you want to know?"

Now, the young man at the door was not in the best of trim, it must be admitted. He wore a blue shirt, tattered trousers, a battered hat, and a pair of wretched old shoes.

Beside this, his face was cut and bruised, and there were great black marks about his neck, just as though some evilly-disposed person had been trying to choke him to death.

Yet he was a handsome youth for all that, and as his frank, open gaze met that of the poker-playing captain, the latter was somehow reduced to a sort of half civility in spite of himself.

"Will one of you have the kindness to tell me where I am and how I came here?"

In the same bewildered way the question was repeated again.

"You're on board the Pewaukee, bound for Duluth, away up on Lake Superior—that's where you are," replied the captain. "As to how you came here, you ought to know that better than I can tell you. Shouldn't drink so much rum, young fellow, then you wouldn't lose your head."

"Gentlemen, I assure you that I never tasted liquor in my life. I—"

"There, there, I've answered your questions—now you git!" roared the captain. "Blow me if I kin see what the 'tarnal may nate wanted to ship a hand like you fer. Git now! Git,



or I'll give you something to take along with you that neither ye won't like."

Slowly the young man moved away from the door of the captain's stateroom.

There was not much satisfaction to be obtained there—that was evident.

There was still less to be had from the mate, who, when addressed, called him a "stowaway," threatened to have him arrested upon their arrival at Duluth, and ordered him to shoo down the deck under penalty of being "chucked overboard" forthwith.

Altogether, the young man in the blue shirt and the ragged trousers found reason to believe before the morning was over that he had fallen in with a pretty hard crowd.

There was some mystery about this young man, and on the trip of the Pewankee up Lake Michigan and through the blue waters of Lake Superior during the days which followed, it was not explained.

Captain Cutter, Mr. Whitson and the trainers—these were the only passengers—played poker incessantly, and never troubled themselves concerning the crew. The mate was so sure that no one dared to address him, and as for the deckhands, the young man would hold no communication with them, further than to give his name as Burt Leroy.

Burt Leroy!

Well, the secret is out.

Not that it can have been much of a mystery to the reader, though to understand how he came to be on board the Pewankee was not a little perplexing to Burt himself.

From the moment when Burt, attacked by Winchell Hill, had been forced down upon the platform in front of the elevator, until he regained consciousness only to find himself lying in a bunk in the fore-cabin of the Pewankee, all was a blank.

The explanation of Burt's presence on the steamer is already familiar to the reader, and when we add that in his fall the boy's head came in contact with a heavy iron spike which protruded above the level of the platform, the long period of unconsciousness which followed will likewise be understood.

When the sailors found him lying there on the lower stern-deck they thought him a new hand shipped by the mate, who had come aboard drunk, and, sailor fashion, appropriated the boy's belongings, substituting for his good clothes some old duds of their own.

They are a hard lot, these lake steamer hands, and quite different from their brethren who follow the sea.

To Burt his situation seemed terrible.

Since neither captain nor mate would listen to him, what was he to do?

Clearly there was nothing to do but to wait patiently until the end of the trip, and then make the best of his way to St. Paul, at which place the circus by that time would be due.

Under ordinary circumstances the boy's disagreeable situation would not have worried him.

It was the thought of Rob that drove him nearly wild.

And the few days necessary to take the Pewankee to Duluth seemed a weary one.

"Thank God, they see us! Come on, my men, don't lose for us yet!"

Again the scene is the deck of the Pewankee, but now all is different.

A storm has been raging for an entire day and night. The lake steamer, overloaded, with broken machinery and leaking hull, has been for hours at the mercy of the waves.

"What a sight!" exclaimed Mr. Whitson in the captain's cabin as he looked out of the stern.

The answer was lost to Burt Leroy, who strained his ears to catch it, and as the moments passed a steamer, the counterpart of the Pewankee, attracted by their signals of distress, bore down alongside.

By this time the clouds had rolled away, and with the break of morning the wind fell to a considerable extent.

There was little difficulty in passing from the doomed Pewankee which was settling lower in the water every moment to the deck of the rescuing steamer.

It was even possible to run a gangplank across, and by this means some of the lighter portions of the cargo were transferred.

As the morning advanced, however, it became evident that the steamer must sink, and the waves still ran far too high to permit any of Mr. Whitson's valuable race horses being removed.

"It's no use, sir!" exclaimed Captain Cutter, as the millionaire for the twentieth time demanded that the attempt should be made.

"If your trainers can't do it I'm sure my men can't. The man don't live who could drive those horses over that plank from one steamer to the other in a swell like this."

It was true.

The trainers had tried it, and had failed.

On the ocean, where the tide ebbs and flows, it would have been entirely impossible to keep the gangplank between the two steamers at all, and even here on the lake, in spite of the fact that both were at anchor and had been lashed together at bows and stern in hope of rescuing Mr. Whitson's valuable stud, it was a very difficult thing.

"Cut the lashings!" roared Captain Cutter. "The Pewankee is doomed. We've done all man can do."

"Ten thousand dollars to the man who drives Ringrose over that plank!" echoed Mr. Whitson, who was pacing the deck like a madman. "Twenty-five thousand for them all!"

Not a man moved.

"I'll bring Ringrose over, sir, if you'll send someone on board to pick him out for me," said a voice at the millionaire's side.

"You!"

It was the mate's stowaway who had spoken. The young man who had been the subject of the captain's snubs, and had taken the kicks and cuffs of the crew during the entire voyage.

"I'm sure I can do it, sir."

"Then try," cried Mr. Whitson. "I'll go on board and pick Ringrose out myself."

"It's absurd," said one of the trainers, as all stood watching the gangplank, which was bobbing up and down between the steamers, waiting for Mr. Whitson and the venturesome youth to appear.

"The horse don't live that would walk that plank. They'll both be drowned, as sure as fate."

"There they come!" cried one of the deckhands.

Then in a low voice he added:

"Plague take it! Why, the boy has gone and changed his clothes! I say, fellers, he's got on them duds what we hooked!"

Instead of the youth with the blue shirt and tattered trousers, he who rode the horse upon the bobbing plank, though his counterpart in face and form, now wore an entirely different dress.

"It's the same feller, though!" whispered one.

"And his goose is cooked!" said another.

"Great Gosh! there's two on 'em!" muttered the mate, and they're as near alike as two peas. Am I getting the snakes again!"

A second horse mounted by a boy rider had just appeared in the gangway of the Pewankee behind the moving plank.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## AN AWFUL SITUATION.

Two boys exactly resembling each other, riding race horses up the plank leading from the wrecked Pewankee to the main deck of the rescuing steamer, where one only went on board!

Then of a certainty the other can be no less a person than Rob Leroy, whom we left unconscious in the hands of the river thieves, Reddy Cook and his friend Bill.

Rob it was for a fact, and his presence on board the Pewankee must be accounted for before this narrative advances another step.

As far as Rob himself is concerned, this would be a difficult thing to do.

To this day the young circus rider has not been able to account for the sudden discovery that he was in the hold of a lake steamer, since he remembered nothing of all that transpired from the moment Winchell Hill, with treacherous hand, thrust him out of the elevator window, to the time when he came to his senses in the hold of the Pewankee.

"Then how did you find out all about Reddy Cook and the rest of it?" did we hear someone ask.

Well, as the boys say, "that's telling."

We did find out, and what is more, that which we have written is strictly true—ain't that enough?

As for Rob, with him it was all mystery, for he awoke to consciousness only to find himself lying on his back in total darkness upon a bed which seemed to be laboring under an aggravated attack of the blind staggers, rocking from side to side.

Rob started up with that strange, terrified feeling which one sometimes experiences upon suddenly awakening from a dream.

What had happened?

Where was he?

Surely he must be on the water, the bed rolled so!

Had he been asleep and dreaming all these strange things about \$5,000 checks—the grain elevator—Winchell Hill's push and that terrible fall?

Rob put out his hand in the darkness, half expecting to find his brother lying asleep beside him.

He was badly mixed, and no wonder.

In his fall from the elevator window he had struck his head a fearful blow.

Hence the long period of unconsciousness.

But for the happening along of the two river thieves at that opportune moment the young circus rider would now have been numbered among the dead.

But Rob did not know this.

Neither did he know that Reddy Cook and his friend Bill, after robbing him, tossed his body into the open hatch of the Pewankee, as she lay tied up alongside a lumberyard at some distance from the elevator where the incident occurred.

For the next ten minutes Rob Leroy was the most badly mixed fellow you can possibly imagine.

When matters straightened themselves out in his mind at last he found them bad enough.

He was in the hold of a steamer, lying upon the top of a colossal mass of freight in total darkness, without food or water, with scarcely air enough to breathe.

Imagine that his head was badly cut and the best of his clothes gone.

As for his watch, money, and other things, and above all the \$5,000 checks, they were gone too.

Is it any wonder that in the long hours which followed Rob Leroy almost went mad?

His situation was terrible—so terrible that we do not care to describe it.

Fortunately, he was able to keep up his courage, and, still more fortunately, to discover among the freight a large packing-case, badly broken, which proved to contain various kinds of crackers in tin boxes.

It was this discovery which saved his life.

And so the time went on.

Whither was the steamer bound?

This was the question the boy asked himself again and again during those hours of trial.

It was a question to which no answer could possibly be returned.

It was all in vain for him to try and make himself heard, for above his head horses could be heard neighing and stamping, and keeping up a fearful racket.

If he could only find the hatch something might be done to make his presence known, but in this direction all his efforts proved vain.

Then came the storm.

All through that fearful season poor Rob had as much as he could do to keep out of the way of the shifting freight, which had been stowed in the most slovenly manner possible, and which threatened to crush him every time he attempted to make a move.

He had shouted himself hoarse.

He had scrambled about over boxes and bales until utterly exhausted.

And as the violence of the storm increased, and the steamer pitched and rolled, Rob, who was almost mad with thirst, climbed upon the top of a tier of cases and laid down, expecting every moment to feel the water rush in upon him and bring the end.

Then, utterly weary, not caring how soon death should come to relieve his sufferings, the wretched boy strangely enough did what he had not been able to do for many hours—fell fast asleep.

Now time had become as nothing to Rob Leroy.

Whether it was darkness or daylight when he fell asleep, he neither knew nor cared.

When he awoke things were quieter.

The steamer was rolling heavily, it is true, but the awful pitching had ceased.

Rob opened his eyes and looked about him.

He instantly discovered that his desperate situation had undergone an important change.

In the first place, the water had penetrated the hold at last. He could hear it splashing about among the freight with every movement of the ill-fated craft.

Then, instead of the black darkness which had previously surrounded him, he could now perceive at no great distance away a light streaming down upon the confused mass of freight from above.

Overhead he could still hear the stamping of the horses, still louder than ever, and he could also hear voices—this brought to his soul an overpowering sense of relief.

To scramble over the cases and bring himself beneath the light was but the work of a moment.

The next and Rob Leroy had done his best to get out of the hold shouting for help.

"Why, there must be someone down in the hold," he heard a voice exclaim above him.

Then over the sound of the water came a loud voice saying: "To the hold! the hold! the hold!"



## CHAPTER XIX.

## MR. SPRATT HAS A GREAT SURPRISE.

"Young man, do you think you can accomplish what you have undertaken?"

"I never undertake what I can't accomplish, sir. That ain't my style."

"I admire your confidence, but I doubt your ability. There is still a heavy sea on, the steamer is rocking terribly. Do you believe you can force obedience when you order Ringrose to ascend the plank?"

"I expect him to obey me, sir. I am perfectly at home with horses. I never saw one yet which I could not control."

Burt and the rich horse owner, Mr. Whitson, of St. Paul, were the speakers, and the main deck of the sinking Pewankee the scene of action, of course.

The steamer was still rolling alarmingly, and in her badly damaged condition might be expected to founder at any moment.

Whatever was to be done toward saving the horses must be done quickly—there was no disputing that.

"Which is Ringrose?" demanded Burt, glancing at the valuable stud of racers which, with full comprehension of their danger, seemingly, were stamping and neighing, and striving by every means to work themselves free.

"That black stallion," replied Mr. Whitson, pointing out the horse. "Now look here, young man, don't you run any risk. I had rather lose a dozen Ringroses than— Great grief! What was that?"

"Why, there must be someone in the hold!" cried Burt, springing toward the hatch, which during the excitement had been opened by one of the deckhands, with the dear knows what end in view.

"Someone in the hold! Impossible! Who would be fool enough to— What's that you say?"

"It's true! It's my brother! A rope! Oh, where is the rope! Great God, I thank Thee for bringing me on board in!"

Now we have no time for details.

Our story is becoming well advanced, and there still remains much to tell.

amazement, Rob's unspeakable joy and relief, Mr. Whitson's great surprise, must all be passed over in silence.

To say that the rope was found, Rob drawn up out of the hold of the sinking steamer, and a moment later the two were locked in each other's arms.

"For heaven's sake, what brought you here?" gasped Burt the instant he had recovered his power of speech.

"Winchell Hill's doings. Burt—and you?"

"Winchell Hill again, Rob. We owe that man a terrible grudge, and—"

"And while you two are wasting time," cried in Mr. Whitson, "your chances on Ringrose are growing beautifully less."

"Right," said his brother, then recalled to himself. "Do you mean the money?" Here his eyes fastened to the black stallion worth thousands of dollars. I have promised to take the most valuable horse that up that plank. You can see the danger."

"I can't see it. It is a matter of life or death."

"Nothing!" cried Mr. Whitson. "One would think of nothing but that horse when one is in this position."

"That's well," said Burt quietly. "And so we are."

"The only way is to—"

"To what?"

"To what?"

"To what?"

"To what?"

Montmorency's circus, whose disappearance has caused such a stir in Chicago. This is a lucky day for me."

And so it was.

We dare affirm that under no other combination of circumstances could the valuable stud belonging to the Minnesota millionaire have had the ghost of a chance.

"Which horse shall I take, sir?" asked Rob, as Burt unhitched Ringrose and sprang upon his back.

"Take Susie K, if you can take any," replied Mr. Whitson, pointing out a handsome bay mare. "But, see here, you may not be strong enough. You are looking terribly. Think of all you have passed through. Think—"

"I will think when we have saved your horses!" cried Rob as he undid the hitching-strap and leaped upon the back of Susie K. "Now, then, Burt, with a rush up that plank! This thing has got to be done quickly or not at all."

And indeed this was the truth.

Already the Pewankee had settled considerably, and the men on board the rescuing steamer had all they could do to keep the plank in place.

With the peculiar cry by which he was accustomed to urge on his horses in the ring, Burt Leroy dug his heels into the horse's flanks.

"There he comes! There he comes!" went up the shout from the deck of the rescuing steamer, and then came those other exclamations of astonishment at sight of Rob—Burt's living image—urging on Susie K. behind.

How did they manage it?

Certainly we shall never tell.

Not being circus riders, how can we be expected to know?

There was a tremendous scramble, loud shouts from Burt and up the steep ascent of the swaying plank, with dilated nostrils, came thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of horseflesh safe and sound.

Mr. Whitson scrambled after, gaining the deck in time to lend his voice to the deafening cheer which rose.

He was none too soon.

Scarcely had the feet of the twin riders touched the planks, as they leaped from the backs of Ringrose and Susie K., than there came a sudden rush—a whirl—and the ill-fated Pewankee, now fortunately cut loose from her rescuer, sank beneath the waves and was seen no more.

"Fire 'em out! Shoot the muffs! We won't have 'em! We want the Leroy's! Give us the Leroy's!"

"Now, upon my word, this is too bad!" cried Mr. Spratt, who was peering out from behind the canvas into the circus ring.

"Great Caesar, I can't give them the Leroy's! I only wish I could. They are right, too. Those fellows are regular muffs. I'll bounce them to-night. They can't ride for a cent."

It was at St. Paul, Minnesota.

The great circus had pitched its tent upon the high bluffs overlooking the Mississippi river at a point somewhat above the Metropolitan Hotel.

It had seemed to follow the unfortunate manager.

In the absence of the twin favorites the fair ones who had been engaged in Chicago.

This was their first appearance and now were the substitutes for Burt and Bob Leroy had they proved.

Twice already had they fallen from their horses, and, to be brief, their performance had turned out a perfect botch.

The first accident with a fall from a horse and a fall from the "Leroy's" and the like.

And, after all, it was the manager's own fault.

He had no business to bill these fellows as the genuine Leroy Brothers.

Just then he had done, and into the ring they had ridden without the slightest explanation.



Here was the result.

"It would be better to go out and explain to the audience, I should say," suggested Hughes, the menagerie superintendent, now long since restored to the manager's good graces.

"Do you think so?"

"I do, most decidedly."

"Upon my word I am afraid they'll rotten-egg me. What are we ever going to do? Those fellows can't ride, and that's all there is about it."

"Suppose you discharge them, then where will you be? You will have to look a long while before you pick up anyone who can ride even as well as they do away up here in the Northwest."

"That's all right. I can send to New York."

"And engage good riders in the middle of the season? I doubt it. All the best are with Barnum, the small shows have the rest, and any way you put it you can't get two riders to hold a candle to Burt and Rob Leroy."

Now this was strictly true, and Mr. Spratt knew it.

He could not tell the audience the story of the Leroy Brothers, although doubtless many present were aware that the twin riders were strangely missing; so instead of leaving the matter to settle itself, and the boys in the upper seats to be settled by the policeman's rattan, Mr. Spratt very foolishly went out into the ring and made a long, rambling speech, urging that order be maintained, and pretending that the falls of the new riders had been a part of the programme and prearranged.

While not actually claiming that these were the genuine Leroy, he still intimated as much.

This was more than the audience in its present temper could bear.

The outbreak and boistering continued.

It was as much as the policeman in charge could do to quiet them.

Whether or no they would have succeeded at all, had not Happy Joe begun his fun just as the new riders vanished behind the curtain, it is difficult to say.

"Well, thank goodness that's over with," puffed Spratt, mopping his perspiring brow. "I suppose we'll have to have it again when those fellows go on for the second time, though. If I wasn't so out of practice I'd take a horse myself."

Next came the Petry Brothers, the famous acrobats—who, by the way, were not related to each other in the slightest degree.

They were well received and loudly applauded.

The audience seemed trying to make up for its unruly conduct.

But then the Petry Brothers are great favorites, as every one knows.

Then Happy Joe did his great donkey act, following which Master Spindleshin was brought in from the old show in order to help out a rather weak programme with his great sword-swallowing business, which was received with deafening cheers.

Meanwhile Mr. Spratt, determining that order should be maintained at all hazards, had armed himself with a huge

rattan and gone out among the top seats of the tier, ready to slash right and left in case of the slightest disturbance when the bogus Leroy Brothers came on again.

"I'll fix 'em!" he whispered to one of the policemen. "There shan't be no row in my circus, not if the court knows herself. To-morrow I'll publish a card in the Pioneer Press and give the truth of the matter just as it is."

Just then Mlle. Zitella, the dashing female rider, appeared in the ring, and the last bareback act following immediately upon her exit, Mr. Spratt made ready to use his rattan.

"Thunder! Why don't the fools come on?" he thought, as Mlle. Zitella disappeared amid great applause, and in the absence of any other attraction, Happy Joe began his jokes again.

Evidently the audience were wondering, too.

"Leroys! Give us the Leroys!" was the call that went up among them, when suddenly the canvas flew back and two bold, young bareback riders, standing upon four coal-black horses, dashed into the ring.

"Hooryay—hooryay! There's the Leroys! There cheer for the Leroys!"

Every man and boy on the upper tiers had risen to his feet, the tent resounding with their deafening cheers.

Well, how about the rattan?

Why does not the manager use it?

Use it?

Why, he is shouting himself—shouting like mad!

These are no bungling riders who have entered the ring.

They are Burt and Rob Leroy.

## CHAPTER XX.

### HAPPY JOE SHOWN IN HIS TRUE COLORS AT LAST.

"There they come! There are the boys! Upon my word, they are a pair of fine young fellows. I must say I don't blame you, Ethel, for fancying Rob Leroy, although I could wish he was something beside a circus rider."

"Nonsense, father! You have no reason to assume that I care anything about Rob Leroy. Of course, after all that has happened I am interested in the young man. Even you are obliged to admit that he is the handsomest fellow you ever saw; and as for his being a circus rider, I'm sure so long as he behaves himself properly, as Rob always has and always will, that is no disgrace."

"Well, upon my word! So I've no reason to assume that you care anything about the young man, haven't I? Ethel, you are a cool one. But go on—you shall have my blessing if it comes to that." And in a low tone, to himself, Mr. Tucker added: "If things turn out for the boys as I believe they will, circus rider or no circus rider, Ethel must do worse."

"There they are now, Burt! Look, don't you see him? I know they'd be here to-night. Didn't I tell you so? I tell you you can talk about the beauty of the Pioneer girls as much as you like—they can't hold a candle to her."



"Where are they, Rob? I don't see them."

"There in the second row to the left."

"I see now. You've been writing to that girl, you rascal, and never told me."

"Well, what if I have?"

"Nothing, only she must have answered—otherwise how did you know she was in San Francisco, much less that she would be here to-night?"

"Burt, you imagine altogether too much."

"I imagine that you are head and ears in love with Ethel Tucker, and I wish you success with all my heart."

"Here, here, boys, you'll have to do it. They'll never stop their racket outside until you go on again."

And the twin riders of the ring, their conversation interrupted by Manager Montague Montmorency, or plain Samuel Spratt, whichever you please, leaped upon the backs of their horses and went through their performance again in response to the deafening encore.

Now, the first conversation took place in the auditorium, the second in the performers' quarters of the great Hippodrome at San Francisco, away out on Market street, beyond Woodward's Gardens, on a certain evening late in the fall.

Weeks—yes, months—have passed since the sudden appearance of the twin riders in the ring at St. Paul, and the tour of the Grand Consolidated across the continent is completed at last.

Completed, yes, and successfully completed.

Minneapolis, Des Moines, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Sacramento and a host of smaller towns have been visited without an incident occurring to mar a run of unprecedented success.

Starry as was the first portion the journey, taken as a whole, has brought good luck both to Burt and Rob and their kind friend Mr. Manager Spratt, whose joy at finding the boys safe and sound on that memorable night at St. Paul knew no bounds.

In the first place, the brothers found themselves the happy possessors of some \$30,000, \$25,000 being the liberal reward paid by Mr. Whitson for the rescue of his race horses, Ring-rum and Sule K, the additional \$5,000 being the proceeds of Mr. Tucker's check.

As for Mr. Spratt, he had settled his obligation to Moses H. in through the latter's lawyers long ago, and had found no difficulty in accomplishing this, since his St. Paul engagement had proved the most profitable he had ever known.

From far and near people flocked to see the heroes of the warred Peninsula, whose deeds were well advertised in the local news columns, as may be readily believed.

Now in all these months not a word had been heard either of H. or of Winchell Hill.

Warrants issued by the Chicago police had proved useless. Detectives who were set on their track failed to find them, and it began to look as though this pair of persons plotters had left the country never to return.

Of course this was bad for the prospects of our twin heroes. Although they had met Mr. Tucker, they had frequently

heard from him, and knew that he was actively engaged in their matters.

Still, so his lawyers assured him, Mr. Tucker stated nothing could be done toward recovering the property of the father of Burt and Rob, until they could lay their hands on Eisenstein, in which effort they had so far signally failed.

Now if Rob had had intimation of Mr. Tucker's intention to visit San Francisco, Burt had not.

He felt, naturally, that his brother should have confided in him.

Consequently the close of the performance that evening found them discussing the matter again.

It was in the greenroom of the Hippodrome building.

The audience and most of the company had taken their departure.

The boys were indulging in their little controversy when Manager Spratt, followed by a gentleman and lady, came bustling in.

"Here they are! Here they are! I knew we'd find 'em!" exclaimed Mr. Spratt, heartily. "Burt, Rob, here are some friends of yours."

Then there was a great deal of handshaking and a great deal of talking.

Mr. Tucker, who had never met Burt, entered into a full explanation of the position of affairs, while Rob was devoting himself to Miss Ethel, which was altogether the proper thing to do.

"You see not a thing can be done until we can lay hands on that scoundrel, Eisenstein," said Mr. Tucker, after the conversation had been in progress for an hour and more. "The detectives have searched for him everywhere, but after the dastardly part he has played the fellow has sense enough to keep out of the way. It was reported to me the other day in Chicago that he had been seen in San Francisco, so as Ethel was anxious to see California, and I more than anxious to have this business settled, we determined to take the trip out, and here we are."

"And now that you are here, what are your plans?" asked the manager. "I can hardly believe that Eisenstein can be in the city, or I should have run across him before this, since this is our third week in San Francisco. If he is here, though, don't spare any effort to catch him. I'm flush now and wouldn't mind spending a good round sum to get square with the fellow, and with Hill, too, for what they did to these boys."

"Oh, money is no object," replied Mr. Tucker. "If Burt and Rob can only have justice done them they'll have all the money they can ever want. I've already set the San Francisco police on Eisenstein's track, and— Look here, Mr. Spratt! Don't you smell smoke? Upon my word I believe there is something burning outside that door."

"Now you speak, I do believe it. There can't be anything wrong—heavens, but there is, though! If this building should be on fire I am a ruined man!"

A thick puff of smoke pouring through the doorway and through the cracks of the door at the moment made it apparent to all that Mr. Tucker had been right.







There was no occasion for further haste, so far as Eisenstein was concerned.

The Jew had run head first into a trap.

"What's the matter? Where's the fire?" shouted several of the menagerie assistants, who at this moment came hurrying up.

"Have you caught them? Have you caught them?" panted Mr. Tucker, dashing past the menagerie men down the stairs.

"Led me owit—led me owit! Fader Abraham, I shall be killed! I shall be eaten alive!"

Actually, there was not the slightest danger, since the animals were all securely fastened in their cages; but then the room was dark and Eisenstein the greatest coward in the world.

Mingled with the cries of the Jew from behind the door came fearful growlings, roars and snarlings, together with a violent pounding on the panels.

It was a veritable Babel of sound.

"I've got one of them, Mr. Tucker!" gasped Burt, all out of breath. "The other contrived to get away."

"Which one—Eisenstein? Ah, yes, I know his voice. The scoundrel, to endanger all our lives. Well done, Burt Leroy—well done!"

Then there was more racket, this time along the corridor leading to the stables, and outside into the yard behind the Hippodrome.

And even as Mr. Spratt appeared dragging the wretched clown, who, in spite of all his struggles, found it impossible to escape, Rob came hurrying along the passage, followed by two stalwart stablemen, who conducted between them, pale and trembling, the late ringmaster, Winchell Hill.

"Hurry!" cried Mr. Spratt, dropping Harry Joe a long look down to the floor. "You fire this building! You seek to destroy the lives of Burt and Rob to ruin my circus! You, after all the business you have experienced from me! I could never have believed it—never in the world!"

"Yes, it is true, sir," answered Rob, gravely. "What this man did to myself and my brother is known to everyone. That he caused this fire I can well believe, since I was running along the stable-yard just in time to lay hold of him as he jumped from the window and——"

"Yes, yes, we know he set the fire—we don't think anything about it!" exclaimed Mr. Tucker. "Spratt, this is neither the time nor the place for sentimental reminiscences. Get that scoundrel hand and fast. Go for an officer, get a bucket of water, settle it down, and then have you left my daughter? You should have remained at her side. Is she in safe hands? I shall not rest until I see her!"

"She is safe, sir," replied Rob, as the gentleman indicated Mr. Tucker's daughter upon a couch in the next room. "I left her in charge of Mrs. Haddock, the housekeeper. What is all the row about in that room?"

"That row is about the Jew," answered Rob. "I saw him running out of the window just in time to lay hold of him as he jumped from the window and——"

ever, while the growlings of the beasts, excited by the din, increased to that extent that it was next to impossible to make one's voice heard.

"Open the door, Burt!" shouted Mr. Spratt, "open the door, my boy. This little entertainment is about to close, or I'm all astray in my reckoning. Open the door and let the curtain down upon the last scene."

And Burt opened the door.

Had a swarm of exceedingly young and active bees been behind him, Eisenstein could not have shot out faster than he did.

He had lost his hat, his clothes were covered with the dust of the floor upon which he had fallen, his gold eyeglasses, badly broken, hung dangling from a string.

He did not need them.

Quite powerful enough were his unaided eyes to discover in the determined faces about him that the game he had played so long and so successfully had been played to its end.

"Vell, vat you vant?" he snapped, desperately.

"A man of about your size, I'm thinking," said Mr. Spratt, in a tone of triumph. "Officer, you are just in time."

Even as the manager spoke a stranger strode through the corridor into their midst, laying a heavy hand upon the shoulder of the Jew.

The stranger wore the gray uniform of the San Francisco police.

\* \* \* \* \*

Manager Spratt was right.

The exciting drama in which our twin heroes had played so prominent a part during the journey of the Grand Consolidated across the continent had at last come to an end.

Now all this happened several years ago, and might have become ancient history by this time had we not revived it for the benefit of such of our readers who have followed the adventures of Burt and Rob Leroy to their close.

The end once reached, the concluding scenes may be disposed of in a few brief words.

Did Burt and Rob get back their father's fortune?

Yes, every penny of it.

And when we state that the amount which the courts finally compelled Moses Eisenstein to disgorge was over half a million, it will be seen that the result was worth all the efforts Mr. Tucker had put forth in their behalf.

The law laid fast hold on these three wrongdoers, and when Harry Joe confessed to asking Harry to fire the Hippodrome and all the rest, the chief was to escape a moment of intense indignation in the public mind.

The result was a prompt trial and a prompter conviction.

Mr. Tucker never for an instant relinquished his efforts, and before leaving San Francisco, which would mark place a month later, he had the satisfaction of seeing Eisenstein removed to San Quentin, the California state prison, with a long sentence to serve.

Harry Joe and young Rob, now Winchell Hill, were removed to the United States Penitentiary at San Francisco, and the long-suffering officer on the horse-drawn carriage in which they were taken to the prison.



In the case of the ex-ringmaster, the state was spared all expense of trial, since he made a full confession, in which it came out how the Jew himself had stolen Mr. Spratt's money from the Roman helmet during the confusion following the escape of the tiger; how he himself had been hired to persecute Burt and Rob; how he had sawed the tent-pole at Buffalo, loosed the lion, and been at the bottom of all the disasters which had occurred.

It was a full year before Mr. Tucker's lawyers were able to lay their hands upon Eisenstein's property and restore the brothers to their own.

Before this happened, two interesting events transpired.

First, Burt Leroy was admitted into Mr. Tucker's successful grain business as a partner; next, Rob Leroy was admitted into Mr. Tucker's household as a son.

Rob married Ethel. Burt is still waiting for a wife.

Both are rich and both are happy, and the secret of it all is to be found in the fact that in whatever undertaking the brothers engaged they did it with all their might.

The Grand Consolidated still exists. Annually Manager Spratt starts on his transcontinental tour.

This year the circus started out under the most favorable auspices, and is sure to have a successful season.

Yet, after all, it is without that which once formed its chief attraction—The Twin Riders of the Ring.

THE END.

Read "ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR; OR, JACK FARRAGUT IN THE U. S. NAVY," by Capt. Thos. H. Wilson, which will be the next number (312) of "Pluck and Luck."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

# "HAPPY DAYS."

The Best Illustrated Weekly Story Paper Published.  
**ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.**

"HAPPY DAYS" is a large 16-page paper containing Interesting Stories, Poems, Sketches, Comic Stories, Jokes, Answers to Correspondents, and many other bright features. Its Authors and Artists have a national reputation. No amount of money is spared to make this weekly the best published.

**A New Story Begins Every Week in "Happy Days."**

**OUT TO-DAY!**

**OUT TO-DAY!**

**HUSKY HARRY, THE BOY OF MUSCLE;**

**Or, Willing to Work His Way,**

**By Jas. D. Montague,**

**Begins in No. 502 of HAPPY DAYS, Issued May 13.**

**PRICE 5 CENTS.**

For Sale by all Newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on the receipt of price by  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** **24 Union Square, New York.**



# WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, etc., of Western Life.

BY AN OLD SCOUT.

32 PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

32 PAGES.

EACH NUMBER IN A HANDSOME COLORED COVER.

All of these exciting stories are founded on facts. Young Wild West is a hero with whom the author was acquainted. His daring deeds and thrilling adventures have never been surpassed. They form the base of the most dashing stories ever published.

Read the following numbers of this most interesting magazine and be convinced:

## LATEST ISSUES:

- 28 Young Wild West Trapped; or, The Net That Would Not Hold
- 29 Young Wild West's Election; or, A Mayor at Twenty.
- 30 Young Wild West and the Cattle Thieves; or, Breaking Up a "Bad Gang"
- 31 Young Wild West's Mascot; or, The Dog That Wanted a Master.
- 32 Young Wild West's Challenge; or, A Combination Hard to Beat
- 33 Young Wild West and the Ranch Queen; or, Rounding Up the Cattle Ropers.
- 34 Young Wild West's Pony Express; or, Getting the Mail Through on Time.
- 35 Young Wild West on the Big Divide; or, The Raid of the Renegades.
- 36 Young Wild West's Million in Gold; or, The Boss Boy of Boulder.
- 37 Young Wild West Running the Gantlet; or, The Pawnee Chief's Last Shot.
- 38 Young Wild West and the Cowboys; or, A Hot Time on the Prairie.
- 39 Young Wild West's Rough Riders; or, The Rose Bud of the Rockies.
- 40 Young Wild West's Dash for Life; or, A Ride that Saved a Town.
- 41 Young Wild West's Big Pan Out; or, The Battle for a Silver Mine.
- 42 Young Wild West and the Charmed Arrow; or, The White Lily of the Kiowas.
- 43 Young Wild West's Great Round Up; or, Corraling the Ranch
- 44 Young Wild West's Rifle Rangers; or, Trailing a Bandit King.
- 45 Young Wild West and the Russian Duke; or, A Lively Time on Mountain and Plain.
- 46 Young Wild West on the Rio Grande; or, Trapping the Mexican
- 47 Young Wild West and Sitting Bull; or, Saving a Troop of Cavalry.
- 48 Young Wild West and the Texas Trailers; or, Roping in the Horse
- 49 Young Wild West's Whirlwind Riders; or, Chasing the Border
- 50 Young Wild West and the Danites; or, Arletta's Great Peril.
- 51 Young Wild West in the Snare of Death; or, Saved by a Red
- 52 Young Wild West and the Arizona Boomers; or, The Bad Men
- 53 Young Wild West After the Claim-Jumpers; or, Taming a Tough
- 54 Young Wild West and the Prairie Pearl; or, The Mystery of No
- 55 Young Wild West on a Crooked Train; or, Lost on the Alkali
- 56 Young Wild West and the Broken Bow; or, The Outlaws of

- 57 Young Wild West's Running Fight; or, Trapping the 'Reds and Renegades.
- 58 Young Wild West and His Dead Shot Band; or, the Smugglers of the Canadian Border.
- 59 Young Wild West's Blind Ride; or, The Treasure Trove of the Yellowstone.
- 60 Young Wild West and the Vigilantes; or, Thinning Out a Hard Crowd.
- 61 Young Wild West on a Crimson Trail; or, Arletta Among the
- 62 Young Wild West and "Gilt Edge Gil"; or, Touching up the Sharpers.
- 63 Young Wild West's Reckless Riders; or, After the Train Wreckers.
- 64 Young Wild West at Keno Gulch; or, The Game That Was Never
- 65 Young Wild West and the Man from the East; or, The Luck that Found the Lost Lode.
- 66 Young Wild West in the Grand Canyon; or, A Finish Fight With Outlaws.
- 67 Young Wild West and the "Wyoming Wolves"; or, Arletta's Wonderful Nerve.
- 68 Young Wild West's Dangerous Deal; or, The Plot to Flood a Silver Mine.
- 69 Young Wild West and the Purple Plumes; or, Cheyenne Charlie's Close Call.
- 70 Young Wild West at "Coyote Camp"; or, Spoiling a Lynching Bee.
- 71 Young Wild West the Lasso King; or, The Crooked Gang of "Straight" Ranch.
- 72 Young Wild West's Game of Chance; or, Saved by Arletta.
- 73 Young Wild West and "Cayuse Kitty"; or, The Queen of the Broncho Busters.
- 74 Young Wild West's Steady Hand; or, The Shot that Made a Million.
- 75 Young Wild West and the Plute Princess; or, The Trail that Led to the Lost Land.
- 76 Young Wild West's Cowboy Carnival; or, The Roundup at Roaring Ranch.
- 77 Young Wild West and the Girl in Green; or, A Lively Time at Silver Plume.
- 78 Young Wild West's Long Range Shoot; or, Arletta's Ride for Life.
- 79 Young Wild West and the Stranded Show; or, Winning the Prairie
- 80 Young Wild West's Life at Stake; or, The Strategy of Arletta.
- 81 Young Wild West's Prairie Pioneers; or, Fighting the Way to the Golden Loop.
- 82 Young Wild West and Nevada Nan; or, The Wild Girl of the Sierras.
- 83 Young Wild West in the Bad Lands; or, Hemmed In by Redskins.
- 84 Young Wild West at Nugget Flats; or, Arletta's Streak of Luck.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS. OR WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 5 CENTS PER COPY. BY

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher.

24 Union Square, New York.

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

.....190

Dear Sir—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....  
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....  
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....  
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '73, Nos.....  
..... " " The Great Hearted Boys, Nos.....  
Name..... Street and No..... Town..... State.....



# WORK AND WIN

An Interesting Weekly for Young America.

Published Weekly—except on Sundays—\$1.00 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, January 6, 1901, by Frank Young.

No. 28A

NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1902

Price 5 Cents.

## FRED FEARNOT AND THE OFFICE BOY

OR, BOUND TO BE THE BOSS.

By H. STANDISH





# WORK AND WIN.

The Best Weekly Published.

**ALL THE NUMBERS ARE ALWAYS IN PRINT.**

**READ ONE AND YOU WILL READ THEM ALL.**

## LATEST ISSUES:

189 Fred Fearnot's Big Hunt; or, Camping on the Columbia River.  
190 Fred Fearnot's Hard Experience; or, Roughing it at Red Gulch.  
191 Fred Fearnot Stranded; or, How Terry Olcott Lost the Money.  
192 Fred Fearnot in the Mountains; or, Held at Bay by Bandits.  
193 Fred Fearnot's Terrible Risk; or, Terry Olcott's Reckless Venture.  
194 Fred Fearnot's Last Card; or, The Game that Saved His Life.  
195 Fred Fearnot and the Professor; or, The Man Who Knew it All.  
196 Fred Fearnot's Big Scoop; or, Beating a Thousand Rivals.  
197 Fred Fearnot and the Raiders; or, Fighting for His Belt.  
198 Fred Fearnot's Great Risk; or, One Chance in a Thousand.  
199 Fred Fearnot as a Sleuth; or, Running Down a Slick Villain.  
200 Fred Fearnot's New Deal; or, Working for a Banker.  
201 Fred Fearnot in Dakota; or, The Little Combination Ranch.  
202 Fred Fearnot and the Road Agents; or, Terry Olcott's Cool Nerve.  
203 Fred Fearnot and the Amazon; or, The Wild Woman of the Plains.  
204 Fred Fearnot's Training School; or, How to Make a Living.  
205 Fred Fearnot and the Stranger; or, The Long Man who was Short.  
206 Fred Fearnot and the Old Trapper; or, Searching for a Lost Cavern.  
207 Fred Fearnot in Colorado; or, Running a Sheep Ranch.  
208 Fred Fearnot at the Ball; or, The Girl in the Green Mask.  
209 Fred Fearnot and the Duellist; or, The Man Who Wanted to Fight.  
210 Fred Fearnot on the Stump; or, Backing an Old Veteran.  
211 Fred Fearnot's New Trouble; or, Up Against a Monopoly.  
212 Fred Fearnot as Marshal; or, Commanding the Peace.  
213 Fred Fearnot and "Wally"; or, The Good Natured Bully of Badger.  
214 Fred Fearnot and the Miners; or, The Trouble At Coppertown.  
215 Fred Fearnot and the "Blind Tigers"; or, More Ways Than One.  
216 Fred Fearnot and the Hindoo; or, The Wonderful Juggler at Coppertown.  
217 Fred Fearnot Snow Bound; or, Fun with Pericles Smith.  
218 Fred Fearnot's Great Fire Fight; or, Rescuing a Prairie School.  
219 Fred Fearnot in New Orleans; or, Up Against the Mafia.  
220 Fred Fearnot and the Haunted House; or, Unraveling a Great Mystery.  
221 Fred Fearnot on the Mississippi; or, The Blackleg's Murderous Plot.  
222 Fred Fearnot's Wolf Hunt; or, A Battle for Life in the Dark.  
223 Fred Fearnot and the "Greaser"; or, The Fight to Death with Lariats.  
224 Fred Fearnot in Mexico; or, Fighting the Revolutionists.  
225 Fred Fearnot's Darling Bluff; or, The Nerve that Saved His Life.  
226 Fred Fearnot and the Grave Digger; or, The Mystery of a Cemetery.  
227 Fred Fearnot's Wall Street Deal; or, Between the Bulls and the Bears.  
228 Fred Fearnot and "Mr. Jones"; or, The Insurance Man in Trouble.  
229 Fred Fearnot's Big Gift; or, A Week at Old Avon.  
230 Fred Fearnot and the "Witch"; or, Exposing an Old Fraud.  
231 Fred Fearnot's Birthday; or, A Big Time at New Era.  
232 Fred Fearnot and the Sioux Chief; or, Searching for a Lost Girl.  
233 Fred Fearnot's Mortal Enemy; or, The Man on the Black Horse.  
234 Fred Fearnot at Canyon Castle; or, Entertaining His Friends.  
235 Fred Fearnot and the Comanche; or, Teaching a Redskin a Lesson.  
236 Fred Fearnot Suspected; or, Trailed by a Treasury Sleuth.  
237 Fred Fearnot and the Promoter; or, Breaking Up a Big Scheme.

238 Fred Fearnot and "Old Grizzly"; or, The Man Who Didn't Know.  
239 Fred Fearnot's Rough Riders; or, Driving Out the Squatters.  
240 Fred Fearnot and the Black Fiend; or, Putting Down a Riot.  
241 Fred Fearnot in Tennessee; or, The Demon of the Mountains.  
242 Fred Fearnot and the "Terror"; or, Calling Down a Bad Man.  
243 Fred Fearnot in West Virginia; or, Helping the Revenue Agents.  
244 Fred Fearnot and His Athletes; or, A Great Charity Tour.  
245 Fred Fearnot's Strange Adventure; or, The Queer Old Man of the Mountain.  
246 Fred Fearnot and the League; or, Up Against a Bad Lot.  
247 Fred Fearnot's Wonderful Race; or, Beating a Horse on Foot.  
248 Fred Fearnot and the Wrestler; or, Throwing a Great Champion.  
249 Fred Fearnot and the Bankrupt; or, Ferreting Out a Fraud.  
250 Fred Fearnot as a Redskin; or, Trailing a Captured Girl.  
251 Fred Fearnot and the "Greenhorn"; or, Fooled for Once in His Life.  
252 Fred Fearnot and the Bloodhounds; or, Tracked by Mistake.  
253 Fred Fearnot's Boy Scouts; or, Hot Times in the Rockies.  
254 Fred Fearnot and the Wolf of Wall Street; or, A Smart Boy Broker.  
255 Fred Fearnot's Buffalo Hunt; or, The Gamest Boy in the West.  
256 Fred Fearnot and the Mill Boy; or, A Desperate Dash for Life.  
257 Fred Fearnot's Great Trotting Match; or, Beating the Record.  
258 Fred Fearnot and the Hidden Marksman; or, The Mystery of Thunder Mountain.  
259 Fred Fearnot's Boy Champion; or, Fighting for His Rights.  
260 Fred Fearnot and the Money King; or, A Big Deal in Wall Street.  
261 Fred Fearnot's Gold Hunt; or, The Boy Trappers of Goose Lake.  
262 Fred Fearnot and the Ranch Boy; or, Lively Times with the Broncho Busters.  
263 Fred Fearnot after the Sharpers; or, Exposing a Desperate Game.  
264 Fred Fearnot and the Firebugs; or, Saving a City.  
265 Fred Fearnot in the Lumber Camps; or, Hustling in the Backwoods.  
266 Fred Fearnot and the Orphan; or, The Luck of a Plucky Boy.  
267 Fred Fearnot at Forty Mile Creek; or, Knocking About in the West.  
268 Fred Fearnot and the Boy Speculator; or, From a Dollar to a Million.  
269 Fred Fearnot's Canoe Club; or, A Trip on the Mississippi.  
270 Fred Fearnot and the Errand Boy; or, Bound to Make Money.  
271 Fred Fearnot's Cowboy Guide; or, The Perils of Death Valley.  
272 Fred Fearnot and the Sheep Herders; or, Trapping the Ranch Robbers.  
273 Fred Fearnot on the Stage; or, Before the Footlights for Charity.  
274 Fred Fearnot and the Masked Band; or, The Fate of the Mountain Express.  
275 Fred Fearnot's Trip to Frisco; or, Trapping the Chinese Opium Smugglers.  
276 Fred Fearnot and the Widow's Son; or, The Worst Boy in New York.  
277 Fred Fearnot Among the Rustlers; or, The "Bad" Men of Bald Mountain.  
278 Fred Fearnot and his Dog; or, The Boy who Ran for Congress.  
279 Fred Fearnot on the Plains; or, Trimming the Cowboys.  
280 Fred Fearnot and the Stolen Claim; or, Rounding Up the Gulch Gang.  
281 Fred Fearnot's Boy; or, Selling Tips on Shares.  
282 Fred Fearnot and The Girl Ranch Owner, And How She Held Her Own.  
283 Fred Fearnot's Newsboy Friend; or, A Hero in Rags.  
284 Fred Fearnot in the Gold Fields; or Exposing the Claim "Salters."  
285 Fred Fearnot and the Office Boy; or, Bound to be The Boss.  
286 Fred Fearnot After the Moonshiners; or, The "Bad" Men of Kentucky.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** **24 Union Square, New York**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.  
**POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....  
.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....  
.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....  
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....  
.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



# THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76.

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

By **HARRY MOORE.**

These stories are based on actual facts and give a faithful account of the exciting adventures of a brave band of American youths who were always ready and willing to imperil their lives for the sake of helping along the gallant cause of Independence. Every number will consist of 32 large pages of reading matter, bound in a beautiful colored cover.

## LATEST ISSUES:

- 96 The Liberty Boys' Daring; or, Not Afraid of Anything.
- 97 The Liberty Boys' Long March; or, The Move that Puzzled the British.
- 98 The Liberty Boys' Bold Front; or, Hot Times on Harlem Heights.
- 99 The Liberty Boys in New York; or, Helping to Hold the Great City.
- 100 The Liberty Boys' Big Risk; or, Ready to Take Chances.
- 101 The Liberty Boys' Drag-Net; or, Hauling the Redcoats In.
- 102 The Liberty Boys' Lightning Work; or, Too Fast for the British.
- 103 The Liberty Boys' Lucky Blunder; or, The Mistake that Helped Them.
- 104 The Liberty Boys' Shrewd Trick; or, Springing a Big Surprise.
- 105 The Liberty Boys' Cunning; or, Outwitting the Enemy.
- 106 The Liberty Boys' "Big Hit"; or, Knocking the Redcoats Out.
- 107 The Liberty Boys "Wild Irishman"; or, A Lively Lad from Dublin.
- 108 The Liberty Boys' Surprise; or, Not Just What They Were Looking For.
- 109 The Liberty Boys' Treasure; or, A Lucky Find.
- 110 The Liberty Boys in Trouble; or, A Bad Run of Luck.
- 111 The Liberty Boys' Jubilee; or, A Great Day for the Great Cause.
- 112 The Liberty Boys Cornered; or, "Which Way Shall We Turn?"
- 113 The Liberty Boys at Valley Forge; or, Enduring Terrible Hardships.
- 114 The Liberty Boys Missing; or, Lost in the Swamps.
- 115 The Liberty Boys' Wager, And How They Won It.
- 116 The Liberty Boys Deceived; or, Tricked but Not Beaten.
- 117 The Liberty Boys and the Dwarf; or, A Dangerous Enemy.
- 118 The Liberty Boys' Dead-Shots; or, The Deadly Twelve.
- 119 The Liberty Boys' League; or, The Country Boys Who Helped.
- 120 The Liberty Boys' Neatest Trick; or, How the Redcoats were Fooled.
- 121 The Liberty Boys Stranded; or, Afoot in the Enemy's Country.
- 122 The Liberty Boys in the Saddle; or, Lively Work for Liberty's Cause.
- 123 The Liberty Boys' Bonanza; or, Taking Toll from the Tories.
- 124 The Liberty Boys at Saratoga; or, The Surrender of Burgoyne.
- 125 The Liberty Boys and "Old Put"; or, The Escape at Horseneck.
- 126 The Liberty Boys Bugle Call; or, The Plot to Poison Washington.
- 127 The Liberty Boys and "Queen Esther"; or, The Wyoming Valley Massacre.
- 128 The Liberty Boys' Horse Guard; or, On the High Hills of Santee.
- 129 The Liberty Boys and Aaron Burr; or, Battling for Independence.
- 130 The Liberty Boys and the "Swamp Fox"; or, Helping Marion.
- 131 The Liberty Boys and Ethan Allen; or, Old and Young Veterans.
- 132 The Liberty Boys and the King's Spy; or, Diamond Cut Diamond.
- 133 The Liberty Boys' Bayonet Charge; or, The Siege of Yorktown.
- 134 The Liberty Boys and Paul Jones; or, The Martyrs of the Prison Ships.

- 135 The Liberty Boys at Bowling Green; or, Smashing the King's Statue.
- 136 The Liberty Boys and Nathan Hale; or, The Brave Patriot Spy.
- 137 The Liberty Boys' "Minute Men"; or, The Battle of the Cow Pens.
- 138 The Liberty Boys and the Traitor; or, How They Handled Him.
- 139 The Liberty Boys at Yellow Creek; or, Routing the Redcoats.
- 140 The Liberty Boys and General Greene; or, Chasing Cornwallis.
- 141 The Liberty Boys in Richmond; or, Fighting Traitor Arnold.
- 142 The Liberty Boys and the Terrible Tory; or, Beating a Bad Man.
- 143 The Liberty Boys' Sword-Fight; or, Winning with the Enemy's Weapons.
- 144 The Liberty Boys in Georgia; or, Lively Times Down South.
- 145 The Liberty Boys' Greatest Triumph; or, The March to Victory.
- 146 The Liberty Boys and the Quaker Spy; or, Two of a Kind.
- 147 The Liberty Boys in Florida; or, Fighting Prevost's Army.
- 148 The Liberty Boys' Last Chance; or, Making the Best of It.
- 149 The Liberty Boys' Sharpshooters; or, The Battle of the F.
- 150 The Liberty Boys on Guard; or, Watching the Enemy.
- 151 The Liberty Boys' Strange Guide; or, the Mysterious Mailer.
- 152 The Liberty Boys in the Mountains; or, Among Rough People.
- 153 The Liberty Boys' Retreat; or, In the Shades of Death.
- 154 The Liberty Boys and the Fire Fiend; or, A New Kind of Battle.
- 155 The Liberty Boys in Quakertown; or, Making Things Lively Philadelphia.
- 156 The Liberty Boys and the Gypsies; or, A Wonderful Surprise.
- 157 The Liberty Boys' Flying Artillery; or "Liberty or Death."
- 158 The Liberty Boys Against the Red Demons; or, Fighting the Indian Raiders.
- 159 The Liberty Boys' Gunners; or, The Bombardment of Monmouth.
- 160 The Liberty Boys and Lafayette; or, Helping the Young French General.
- 161 The Liberty Boys' Grit; or, The Bravest of the Brave.
- 162 The Liberty Boys at West Point; or, Helping to Watch the Redcoats.
- 163 The Liberty Boys' Terrible Tussle; or, Fighting to a Finish.
- 164 The Liberty Boys and "Light Horse Harry"; or, Chasing the British Dragoons.
- 165 The Liberty Boys in Camp; or, Working for Washington.
- 166 The Liberty Boys and Mute Mart; or, The Deaf and Dumb Spy.
- 167 The Liberty Boys At Trenton; or, the Greatest Christmas ever Known.
- 168 The Liberty Boys and General Gates; or, The Disaster at Camden.
- 169 The Liberty Boys at Brandywine; or, Fighting Fiercely for Freedom.
- 170 The Liberty Boys' Hot Campaign; or, The Warmest Work on Record.
- 171 The Liberty Boys Awkward Squad; or, Breaking in New Recruits.
- 172 The Liberty Boys' Fierce Finish; or, Holding Out to the End.
- 173 The Liberty Boys at Forty Fort; or, The Battle of Pocono Mountain.
- 174 The Liberty Boys as Swamp Rats; or, Keeping the Redcoats Worried.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** **24 Union Square, New York**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.  
**POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

- .....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
- ..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
- ..... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- ..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
- ..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
- ..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
- ..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



## THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, baskets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

## ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Henedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 68. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

## ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

## DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

## SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

## BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equalled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 19. **FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION AND GUIDE.**—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

**PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.**

Address **FRANK TOUSEY**, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.



# PLUCK AND LUCK.

CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF STORIES. EVERY STORY COMPLETE.

32 PAGES. BEAUTIFULLY COLORED COVERS. PRICE 5 CENTS.

## LATEST ISSUES:

- 238 Twenty Years on an Island; or, The Story of a Castaway. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 239 Colorado Carl; or, The King of the Saddle. By An Old Scout.
- 240 Hook and Ladder Jack, the Daring Young Fireman. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 241 Ice-Bound; or, Among the Floes. By Berton Bertrew.
- 242 Jack Wright and His Ocean Sleuth-Hound; or, Tracking an Under-Water Treasure. By "Noname."
- 243 The Fatal Glass; or, The Traps and Snares of New York. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 244 The Maniac Engineer; or, A Life's Mystery. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 245 Jack Wright and His Electric Locomotive; or, The Lost Mine of Death Valley. By "Noname."
- 246 The Ten Boy Scouts. A Story of the Wild West. By An Old Scout.
- 247 Young Hickory, the Spy; or, Man, Woman, or Boy. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
- 248 Dick Bangle, the Boy Actor. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor).
- 249 A New York Boy in the Soudan; or, The Mahdi's Slave. By Howard Austin.
- 250 Jack Wright and His Electric Balloon Ship; or, 30,000 Leagues Above the Earth. By "Noname."
- 251 The Game-Cock of Deadwood. A Story of the Wild Northwest. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 252 Harry Hook, the Boy Fireman of No. 1; or, Always at His Post. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 253 The Waifs of New York. By N. S. Woods (The Young American Actor).
- 254 Jack Wright and His Dandy of the Deep; or, Driven Afloat in the Sea of Fire. By "Noname."
- 255 In the Sea of Ice; or, The Perils of a Boy Whaler. By Berton Bertrew.
- 256 Mad Anthony Wayne, the Hero of Stony Point. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 257 The Arkansas Scout; or, Fighting the Redskins. By An Old Scout.
- 258 Jack Wright's Demon of the Plains; or, Wild Adventures Among the Cowboys.
- 259 The Merry Ten; or, The Shadows of a Social Club. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 260 Dan Driver, the Boy Engineer of the Mountain Express; or, Railroadng on the Denver and Rio Grande.
- 261 Silver Sam of Santa Fe; or, The Lions' Treasure Cave. By An Old Scout.
- 262 Jack Wright and His Electric Torpedo Ram; or, The Sunken City of the Atlantic. By "Noname."
- 263 The Rival Schools; or, Fighting for the Championship. By Allyn Draper.
- 264 Jack Reef, the Boy Captain; or, Adventures on the Ocean. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 265 A Boy in Wall Street; or, Dick Hatch, the Young Broker. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 266 Jack Wright and his Iron-Clad Air Motor; or, Searching for a Lost Explorer. By "Noname."
- 267 The Rival Base Ball Clubs; or, The Champions of Columbia Academy. By Allyn Draper.
- 268 The Boy Cattle King; or, Frank Fordham's Wild West Ranch. By an Old Scout.
- 269 Wide Awake Will, The Plucky Boy Fireman of No. 3; or, Fighting the Flames for Fame and Fortune. By ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 270 Jack Wright and His Electric Tricycle; or, Fighting the Strangers of the Crimson Desert. By "Noname."
- 271 The Orphans of New York. A Pathetic Story of a Great City. By N. S. Wood (the Young American Actor).
- 272 Sitting Bull's Last Shot; or, The Vengeance of an Indian Policeman. By Pawnee Bill.
- 273 The Haunted House on the Harlem; or, The Mystery of a Missing Man. By Howard Austin.
- 274 Jack Wright and His Ocean Plunger; or, The Harpoon Hunters of the Arctic. By "Noname."
- 275 Claim 33; or, The Boys of the Mountain. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 276 The Road to Ruin; or, The Snares and Temptations of New York. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 277 A Spy at 16; or, Fighting for Washington and Liberty. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
- 278 Jack Wright's Flying Torpedo; or, The Black Demons of Dismal Swamp. By "Noname."
- 279 High Ladder Harry, The Young Fireman of Freeport; or, Always at the Top. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 280 100 Chests of Gold; or, The Aztecs' Buried Secret. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 281 Pat Malloy; or, An Irish Boy's Pluck and Luck. By Allyn Draper.
- 282 Jack Wright and His Electric Sea Ghost; or, A Strange Under Water Journey. By "Noname."
- 283 Sixty Mile Sam; or, Bound to be on Time. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 284 83 Degrees North Latitude; or, the Handwriting in the Iceberg. By Howard Austin.
- 285 Joe, The Actor's Boy; or, Famous at Fourteen. By N. S. Wood (the Young American Actor.)
- 286 Dead For 5 Years; or, The Mystery of a Madhouse. By Allyn Draper.
- 287 Broker Bob; or, The Youngest Operator in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 288 Boy Pards; or, Making a Home on the Border. By An Old Scout.
- 289 The Twenty Doctors; or, the Mystery of the Coast. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 290 The Boy Cavalry Scout; or, Life in the Saddle. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 291 The Boy Firemen; or, "Stand by the Machine." By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 292 Rob. the Runaway; or, From Office Boy to Partner. By Allyn Draper.
- 293 The Shattered Glass; or, A Country Boy in New York. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 294 Lightning Lew, the Boy Scout; or, Perils in the West. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 295 The Gray House on the Rock; or, The Ghosts of Ballentyne Hall. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 296 A Poor Boy's Fight; or, The Hero of the School. By Howard Austin.
- 297 Captain Jack Tempest; or, The Prince of the Sea. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 298 Billy Button, the Young Clown and Bareback Rider. By Berton Bertrew.
- 299 An Engineer at 16; or, The Prince of the Lightning Express. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 300 To the North Pole in a Balloon. By Berton Bertrew.
- 301 Kit Carson's Little Scout; or, The Renegade's Doom. By An Old Scout.
- 302 From the Street; or, The Fortunes of a Bootblack. By N. S. Wood (the Young American Actor).
- 303 Old Putnam's Pet; or, The Young Patriot Spy. A Story of the Revolution. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 304 The Boy Speculators of Brookton; or, Millionaires at Nineten. By Allyn Draper.
- 305 Rob Rudder, the Boy Pilot of the Mississippi. By Howard Austin.
- 306 The Downward Path; or, The Road to Ruin. A True Temperance Story. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 307 Up From the Ranks; or, From Corporal to General. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
- 308 Expelled From School; or, The Rebels of Beechdale Academy. By Allyn Draper.
- 309 Larry, the Life Saver; or, A Born Fireman. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 310 The Brand of Siberia; or, The Boy Tracker of the Steppes. By Allan Arnold.
- 311 Across the Continent with a Circus; or, The Twin Riders of the Ring. By Berton Bertrew.
- 312 On Board a Man-of-War; or, Jack Farragut in the U. S. Navy. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, New York**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....